

From the Examiner, 7th Feb.

STATESMEN AND THE PRESS.

If by a great party Earl Grey means a party of the great, and by powerful party the party sharing amongst them the power of the country, he is undeniably right in stating that the press has not represented them in its denunciation of the usurpation in France, and all the atrocities committed in accomplishing it, or flowing from its accomplishment. We, for our own poor parts, have certainly not represented the mind of St. James' street, and, in our first paper on the subject, we plainly expressed our persuasion that our views of the liberticide, and the establishment of a tyranny, would not coincide with the opinions of a considerable portion of that world which calls itself great. We know that a part of the aristocracy rejoiced to see the sword recover its ascendancy; that it delighted in the rout of democracy, the suppression of the press, and every guarantee against oppression; and that it yearned to the man who, through perjury and treachery almost without example, had made his way to such a consummation, with the sentiment *cum qualis sis utinam noster esse!* But this perversity has not extended beyond clubs and coteries whose close atmosphere tends to an unhealthy, depraved sentiment; and having better means of knowing the state of opinion than Earl Grey or Lord John Russell, we do not hesitate to assert that the language condemnatory of M. Bonaparte has coincided with the judgment of the main body of the public, heart and head, and has been acceptable to it as representing its sentiments.

Lord Harrowby had the honor of being the only peer who stood up in defence of the liberty and the conduct of the press. He declared that, "The press, although it might be too strongly tinctured with personal abuse, did nevertheless accurately and faithfully represent the public opinion of this country in regard to the recent proceedings in France."

Lord Harrowby is a tory, and his conduct on this occasion confirms an opinion we have before expressed, that amongst the tories are to be found as high a sense of honor, sound English feeling, and manly spirit, as in any political party.

But it is objected that day by day, and week after week, the press perseveres in its attacks on M. Bonaparte; and how can it help it, or do otherwise, if, day by day, and week after week, M. Bonaparte perseveres in his attacks on all rights of person and property? It is not that the hue-and-cry is too loud and long, but that the malefactor it follows has the proverbial swiftness of mischief in passing from offence to offence.

We heartily agree in deprecating the language of abuse and vituperation; but we deny having descended to the use of it, or seen the use of it, in the part of the press which has taken the same view that we have done of the revolution. As Sophocles says, *τα δ' οὐα τους λογούς εὐθεότατα*, rendered by Milton, the unrighteous deeds find the words. The acts we had to record compelled their characterization. As this country is the last hold of freedom in Europe, so it must be the last court

of morality in which the wrongs against freedom must be unflinchingly canvassed and judged. We cannot be indifferent to tyranny abroad without ending by becoming indifferent to it at home. The spirit of liberty requires exercise; it would perish in stagnation, or cut off from sympathy and common cause with the wronged of other lands. The interests of liberty all partake of the generosity of its nature, and it cannot confine itself within the narrow bounds of the meanest and most selfish fears, and refuse to render the oppressed the last solace of the moral judgment against their tyrants. And this moral judgment carries retribution home to the autocrat in the midst of his myrmidons. It is this he fears when he has nothing else to fear, and when he is told that the Almighty himself owes him a debt of gratitude. And so he exerts all his influence, all his powers of intimidation, to subdue the freedom of the press in neighboring countries, though it may not be utterly silenced as in his own. Belgium, obedient to his behests, suppresses a publication reviewing the atrocities of the revolution. That cannot be done in England; but is the next resource, let us ask, censorship of authority, and the denunciation from high persons in high places of the English freedom which has dared to assign the undeniable character to undeniable actions? The press of obsequious Belgium may be suppressed in conformity with the mandates of M. Bonaparte, but the press of England will certainly not be snubbed, or frowned down into servility, and the surrender of its highest and noblest duty. The time will come when we shall make our censors blush for their words.

The principle of non-interference with the internal affairs of foreign nations we have always asserted; but if non-interference is to be pushed to the extent of non-cognizance and non-jurisdiction in moral questions, non-information, or the observance of a strict ignorance becomes necessary, for it is impossible to have a knowledge of facts and not to exercise a judgment upon them. A system of protection against external opinion cannot be set up. It is happily beyond the power of man to circumscribe the international moral judgment, and confine opinion to territorial boundaries. Nor up to the present time has it been regarded as undesirable that governments and nations should feel accountable to the public opinion of the world. Has not Naples been dragged to the bar of Europe, and has any one dared to say that the barbarities of that government were no affair of ours, and concerned only the Neapolitans? Naples, indeed, is a small power, and have we reversed the proud maxim, and henceforth is it to be the rule,

Parcere superbis, et debellare subiectos?

Lord Brougham, we observe with surprise, is one of those who condemn the press for its strictures on the French tyranny; Harry Brougham, who in his place in Parliament denounced the Emperor Alexander as a murderer!

We deny the selfish doctrine that the affairs of the French concern only themselves, and that we can be neutral and indifferent spectators of the tragic fate of liberty in the neighboring country.

Every evil example is of common concern, and the bad precedent which cannot be prevented it is just and politic to check with the mark of reprobation.

Another most insolent and calumnious argument in defence of M. Bonaparte's despotism is that "it is good enough for the French"; "the only thing they are fit for"; "that they are a people to be ruled with a rod of iron." And they who protest against judging the usurper will thus presume to judge and condemn the whole nation. And so, upon the grounds of the falsest and most unjust judgment upon thirty-five millions of people, we are forbidden to pass sentence upon the conduct of the one who has betrayed their misplaced confidence and stripped them of their rights.

They consent, we are told—they submit, which is a very different thing from consent, and we learn that every day adds to the uneasiness of the submission, and swells the undertide of discontent. Peace at any price was a few weeks ago a prevailing sentiment, but the price currently paid is found too intolerable, and the foul bargain bitterly repented. Spies are everywhere; not a word of politics ventured in any society; a sense of insecurity in every breast; banishment, the jail, and confiscation, the common apprehensions. Such are the results of the measures shaped, as Lord John Russell informs us, by their benevolent author for the happiness and welfare of France.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy
wrongs,
Thy title is feared.

The Examiner, in another article, professes a desire to learn to write in a statesmanlike manner:—

So for an exercise we will take the language of the noble lords and gentlemen who censure us. All the sentences of our article shall be transplanted out of Parliament. There was a time when we should hardly have thought of putting ourselves at the feet of such instructors. There was a time in our injudicious days, when the suggestion of a journey to St. Stephen's for instruction might have made us laugh, and answer out of Lucian, "The famine will never be so great in Argos as to constrain the inhabitants to go and cultivate the deserts of Arabia." But now all times are changed. Now, probity is license, and mystification may be sense.

Here is our exercise, then, in which we will give credit to each author we have studied for the contradictions due to him; that is to say, by putting his opinions together, and parting them from those of his neighbors by a bracket to include his name. It is of course also a portion of our exercise to translate the form of speech into the form of article. And so we begin our prudent paper on the Prince President.

We are well aware that it would be more than imprudent, that it would be more than injudicious, that it would be more than folly—that it would be perfect madness at one and the same time to profess a belief in hostile intentions towards us, and to point out how easy would be the invasion of this country. Believing as we do in the pacific policy of Prince Louis Napoleon, we yet cannot conceal from ourselves that the state of France is in so unsettled a condition that even the ruler of that country may not always be a free agent. We know not the passion which may

suddenly break out—what the motives which may influence that vast army of France—and we think therefore that government is bound to take care, looking at the unsettled state of France, and the possibility of the government of that country being overborne by an unreasoning popular clamor, that provisions be taken for the defence of this country. [EARL OF DERBY.] It would savor not only of imprudence, but of something worse than imprudence, to denounce the person at the head of the government of France. We believe there exists nowhere any serious intention of attacking this country or disturbing the peace of the world. But at the same time, however pacific may be the intentions of our neighbors, we are bound always to feel that we have the means of protecting ourselves from any aggression that may be attempted. Much has been done of late years to increase the means of our protection. We do not think, however, that we ought to stop with what has been done. We certainly do say that in the present condition of the world there are sufficient reasons for going farther. We believe that incalculable evil results from the language held by newspapers, but in so saying we convey a sense which is not by any means intended. We express no opinion whatever on the acts of the French government. [EARL GREY.] We would not lay it down, although we reprobate attacks upon its character, that all those attacks are groundless. We would say, that, if we agree in every respect with that opinion of the press, yet we object to the manner of expressing it. [LORD BROUGHAM.] Every government in France for the last sixty years has been an usurpation. We use the word usurpation only in the sense of opposition to existing laws. And the country has always acquiesced. [EARL OF DERBY.] We do not wish to see a shackle on the press. We would not prevent it from discussing questions freely in an abstract sense. All personality is, however, to be condemned, because it may lead to dangerous consequences. [EARL OF MALMSBURY.] We have given the moral support and the moral sympathy of England to constitutional government. It is another question to give the moral approbation of England, to place the broad seal of England, to the act of the President of the French Republic; though, no doubt, having all the means of information, he has taken the course fitted to insure the welfare of the country over which he rules. It was an act, which, together with parliamentary government, suspended the right of freedom of speech and the freedom of the press, but it all tended, in the opinion of the president, to the welfare and happiness of France. It will be necessary to increase our estimates, and if any one wishes to know the reason, we may refer him to—the United States. [LORD JOHN RUSSELL.] The president has been abused by the English press, but so has Mr. Joseph Hume; and when Mr. Joseph Hume was right he prevailed, and when Mr. Joseph Hume was wrong the sooner it was known the better. What is the use of postponing such a discovery to the Greek Kalends? The press never could hurt an honest man. [MR. JOSEPH HUME.]

Now what do our readers say? Would they like to receive the truth from us, week after week, thus minced and buttered? Shall we go on with our lessons, or shall we follow our old plan of testing public men and public acts by the rule of right and wrong, and uttering our thoughts with truth and freedom?

From the Examiner.

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852.

My lords, we heard you speak; you told us all
That England's honest censure went too far;
That our free press should cease to bawl,
Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.

It was our ancient privilege, my lords,
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words.

We love not this French god, the child of Hell,
Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise ;
But though we love kind Peace so well,

We dare not even by silence sanction lies.
It might be safe our censures to withdraw ;
And yet, my lords, not well ; there is a higher law.

As long as we remain, we must speak free,
Though all the storm of Europe on us break ;

No little German state are we,

But the one voice in Europe ; we must speak ;
That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,
There might be left some record of the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be bold.

Our Britain cannot save a tyrant o'er.

Better the waste Atlantic roll'd

On her and us and ours for evermore.

What ! have we fought for Freedom from our prime,
At last to dodge and palter with a public crime ?

Shall we fear him ? our own we never feared.

From our first Charles by force we wrung our
claims.

Pricked by the Papal spur, we reared,

We flung the burthen of the second James.

I say, we never feared ! and as for these,

We broke them on the land, we drove them on the
seas.

And you, my lords, you make the people muse

In doubt if you be of our barons' breed—

Were those your sires who fought at Lewes ?

Is this the manly strain of Runnymede ?

O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,

Would lisp in honeyed whispers of this monstrous
fraud !

We feel, at least, that silence here were sin,

Not ours the fault if we have feeble hosts—

If easy patrons of their kin

Have left the last free race with naked coasts !

They knew the precious things they had to guard ;
For us, we will not spare the tyrant one hard word.

Though niggard throats of Manchester may bawl,
What England was, shall her true sons forget ?

We are not cotton-spinners all,

But some love England and her honor yet.

And these in our Thermopylae shall stand,
And hold against the world this honor of the land.

MERLIN.

The Spectator, of 7th February, says :—

The solemn unanimity with which the practised "statesmen," as they are called, and old Parliament men, lectured "the press" on its out-spoken language with regard to France, although in itself a triviality, has created a feeling scarcely less unpleasant. The lecture has two parts. One is the judgment on Louis Napoleon, in which statesmen and press are totally at variance : the statesmen esteem Louis Napoleon ; the press cannot conceal its disgust at the criminal manœuvring and effrontery of that individual. The other point is the policy of exasperating a neighbor with a large army while we avow the defenceless state of the country ; and the press is scolded for mingling panic with incitement to attack. There is no panic. The press has thought itself working in its proper function as an organ of public opinion, to proclaim indignation at the crimes of President Bonaparte although gilded for the moment with a royal success : the statesmen do not feel the impulse thus to vindicate humanity. The defenceless state of our coasts and country is better known in France than in England ; it was pointed out to us by French writers ; and

we should not get over the difficulty, as the official ostriches hope, merely by abstinence from *saying* that it exists. If there is any panic, it is among those who, alternating in office for years past, are responsible for the unprepared state of the country ; who are now to be called to account in presence of their own detected default and of the whole people ; and who, of tried and time-honored inefficiency, are now to be damned with the opportunity of taking the lead in a more strenuous action. They may well feel panic : they unite within them the feelings of the defaulter and the false pretender ; and it is no wonder if they would put off the day of trial—refuse to see it—hate to talk of it.

THE ENGLISH PRESS AND THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

Three great lords, not to speak of little ones, have in the high court of Parliament, under our most gracious queen at this time assembled, thought themselves called upon to arraign the conduct of the English Press towards the President of the late French Republic, and to deprecate the evil consequences that might thence ensue. Obvious reasons suggest themselves why Lord John Russell, Earl Grey, and the Earl of Derby, should be anxious to make out to their own satisfaction and that of others, that the English press does not represent the sentiments and opinions of the English nation. The estimate these lords put upon themselves by no means corresponds with that put upon them by the press ; and could they lay so flattering anunction to their souls as that the nation approximates to their own estimate of themselves rather than that of the press, they would gain a point dearer to them even than disarming the wrath of Prince Louis Napoleon, of which they seem to stand in uncomfortable alarm, and provide themselves with a reason for not listening to the reproaches and monitions of that power which will not let them misgovern without protest and obstruction. Whether they are really likely to know the feelings and opinions of the people of England better than the host of men who have written in the public journals upon this subject, depends upon the previous question, whether England is contained in Woburn Abbey, Howick Castle, and some score lordly mansions, or whether, as is popularly supposed, it spreads out uniformly between John o'Groat's House and Land's End, and speaks its mind in the counting-houses, the parlors, the streets, wherever man meets man, as well as in the salons where the "fine gentleman" is the sole specimen of the genus "homo" allowed the entrée. Till cause shown, we hold that at any rate the journalists, mingling familiarly with all classes, have a better chance of understanding the opinions and sympathies of the country than the noble lords who are at home only within the charmed circle of rank and fashion.

But Lord Derby uttered an incontrovertible truth when he said that if journalists aimed at exercising the influence of statesmen, they were bound to submit to the responsibility of statesmen, and to temper their expression of opinions with discretion and regard to circumstances.* Certainly, no man will exercise a power wisely or well who owns no

* The *Times* has already shown that there is more of contrast than resemblance between "the press" and "statesmanship," in functions, powers, sphere of operation, duties, habits, rewards. But we accept Lord Derby's sneer, as his lordship's substitute for a wise saying ; and join issue with him upon the facts.

responsibility; and misused power—thanks to the constitution of human nature and the laws that regulate society—is not of long endurance. The journalist will therefore, from honesty and a sense of his own interest, endeavor to realize his responsibility. The sentiment can scarcely be disputed; but, like all such sentiments, its practical value depends upon its application. The press is undoubtedly responsible, first to public opinion, and then to that on which public opinion permanently rests—truth, justice, and national interests. To which responsibility has the press been unfaithful in this case? Not to public opinion, unless all its usual indications are to be distrusted, and among them not least the remarkable unanimity of journals of all shades of political sentiment—unless the “base exception” proves the rule, in a sense very contrary to the usual meaning of that venerable proverb. Not surely to truth and justice? when the only crime alleged is that of calling acts by their right names; a practice which has the authority of a book generally held as safe a practical guide for an honest man’s steps as even a court guide or a diplomatist’s, *vade mecum*. True, the tone of “good society” is neither to admire, to be indignant, nor to be astonished; and “good society” dines and dances at the Tuileries, and makes no sign of consciousness that there is anything monstrous in either its host’s antecedents or its own conduct. But this tone is just the distinction of “good society,” and cannot, as we know, be caught by low people who write in newspapers.

But it may be urged that national interests have not been consulted by the English press in speaking their minds on this matter. The French people, it is said, has accepted the coup d'état with its consequences: seven millions of votes have sanctioned all that M. Bonaparte has done or may do; and England has no right to dictate or to censure, but may by so doing provoke the hostility of an exasperated and jealous people. We should be sorry to think so meanly of either the intellect or the heart of the French nation as to imagine that they could mistake the pity and the sympathy so warmly expressed in England, for dictation or presumptuous interference. It is on the very ground of the dictation which has been exercised towards them that the indignation of the English press has been so loud. For who is so senseless or so dishonest as to assert or believe that the French nation had really a choice whether they would accept M. Bonaparte and his crime or not? The robber knocks down his victim, and, kneeling upon his breast, demands money or life. Is that a free choice? And does the hapless traveller complain that his dignity is insulted, and his right of free action interfered with, because society at large insists that he has been robbed, and that the man to whom he surrendered his purse is a scoundrel? It is pitiful to hear “great” statesmen so paltering with facts and so studious of phrases; and some comfort, under official and noble disapprobation, for the public writers of England to know that the literary and political men of eminence banished from France, or compelled to silence, have derived hope and consolation from the different tone adopted here by the press. Nor, when brighter days dawn on France, and their natural leaders are restored to the French people, will it be a contemptible source of pride to English journalists, that they have secured the lasting gratitude of the men of genius and of experience and of permanent power in that nation, and so have laid the foundations of an amity and cordial good

understanding of more real value towards preserving peace than any hollow diplomatic courtesies or any base reticences towards successful crime or even popular infatuation. For, happily, when a people errs or is misled, the consequences are so inevitable that repentance comes quickly, and with repentance comes respect for those who have with manliness and sympathy told them of their infatuation, and contempt and hatred for those who have cried peace when there was no peace.

There remains to deal with one base argument which an English nobleman ought to have blushed even to have conceived in his official bosom, and which an English Parliament ought to have drowned in indignant reclamations: Lord John Russell did not blush to urge that the press should have been silent lest the usurper should be enraged and turn and rend us! Why, had not truth and justice and political sentiment bidden us speak out, the mere consciousness of the effete government with which England is burdened, as Sinbad with the Old Man of the Sea, would have compelled the journals to give vent to their distrust, and so stimulate the ministry to take those precautions which official hypocrisy allows to be prudent, though it disclaims any feeling of their increased necessity. Does any one believe that, had the press been silent, the officials would have stirred? Does any one believe that even now, unless they are vigilantly watched, they will do anything beyond asking for increased estimates? The very utterance of such a sentiment by the prime minister proves the necessity for the plain-speaking of the press; for it proves that the savage resentment of an irritated usurper fills the prime minister with more apprehension than the resolute and prepared alacrity of his own nation inspires him with hope. It is to be feared that the tone taken by the leading statesmen of England in Tuesday’s debate will do more to excite the contempt of M. Bonaparte than the English journalists can have done to excite his hatred.

From the *Morning Chronicle*, 7th February.

The remonstrances of which we and our contemporaries have been the object might have been well spared. Aimed at the strong, they have struck the weak. The genius, honesty, and spirit of France had been gathering the materials of hope, and the means of endurance, from the sympathy of the English people; but our noble or honorable critics have at one blow struck away the scanty consolation. As we expected, the tamed literary slaves of the president, who have not been able to conceal, though they have been forbidden to state, that there were two opinions on his proceedings, are now proclaiming, far and near, that the leaders of three great English parties have repudiated the solemn judgment pronounced by the English press. We fear the mischief is irremediable. We shall never get the writers of the *Patrie* to believe, much less to repeat, that there is yet another anomalous feature of English opinion with which they must acquaint themselves, and that these unqualified protests of three distinguished political chiefs deserve as little attention, and exercise as little influence, as their own articles. Lord Derby, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Joseph Hume, are personages much considered and trusted, within certain limits, by respectable sections of the English public; yet the confidence reposed in them does not confer on them the smallest title to offer criticisms, in the names of their respective parties, on our treatment of French affairs, or the

smallest power of enforcing the views they may entertain. In matters of this kind the Englishman is a thousand times better reflected in the newspaper which he reads, than in the statesman by whom he swears. The first is mostly a frank, genuine, and unfettered utterance of opinion, taken freshly from the mass—the last is laboriously warped to a conventional standard. The worthlessness of the disclaimers referred to was evident on the face of them. Lord Derby was clearly only half sincere. The inconceivable nonsense talked by Mr. Hume settled the value of his opinion. Lord John's remarks amounted simply to a contradiction in terms—the president had committed perjury and treason, but no doubt he did it all from the best of motives. Such was the argument which "a portion of the press" was censured for not adopting or anticipating. It is observable, by the way, how much more sagacious an appreciation of the true character of journalism was shown by the tory earl than by the whig minister or the radical commoner. Mr. Hume advised Louis Napoleon to consider newspaper writings as "a trade or business;" by which he might have meant, but did not, that we supply abuse in quantities when the demand for it is brisk. Lord John affirmed that intemperate strictures caused the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and he then logically begged the president to understand that the fiercest invectives of the press imply nothing whatever on "the part of the English government or the English people." We have sufficiently disposed of both propositions; but in regard to the first, we have to add that, though the journalists of 1802 rendered essential service by so irritating the arbitrary temper of the First Consul that he resumed hostilities before his preparations were complete, they were, in not a few instances, a class of persons on the same intellectual level with Lord John Russell's footman. Among the many changes which have stolen unperceived on the premier since he was a boy, is the transfer of the fourth estate to gentlemen who are at least as capable as himself of grasping the questions which they handle, and of sustaining the responsibilities which they undertake.

Lord Derby impresses on us that, if we encroach on the province of "statesmen," we must not decline their responsibilities. So far as the premise is correct, we accept the conclusion; nor do we pretend for a moment that there is no difficulty in settling the relations of a free press with foreign governments which may happen to dislike its strictures. But this difficulty is only part of the still more formidable problem which is furnished by the coexistence of free and despotic institutions in regions of the world having a common civilization, and, to a great extent, a common standard of opinion. The traditions of Parliament permit English "statesmen" to escape from the dilemma by taking a course which *they* may adopt without incurring contempt or ridicule, but which no English journal could follow without loss of influence and self-respect. We cannot in the same breath profess the deepest abhorrence of theft, and the profoundest conviction that it was committed without fraudulent intentions. We cannot say that parliamentary government is essential to the development of a nation's "great qualities," but that a despotic ruler has probably had good reason for suppressing it. We cannot, in imitation of the Russell and Palmerston precedent, deprive ourselves one day, of the valuable services of our cor-

respondent, because he comments on passing events as they arise in Paris without reference to the opinion entertained at *The Morning Chronicle* office—and then declare the next morning that our opinion is identical with his. "Statesmen" may depend upon it they will not always be allowed this license of logic. Conventionism is transitory, and in the United States, where there is less of it than in England, foreign ministers have over and over again taken umbrage at the tone of state papers transmitted from the executive to the legislature, and at the language of debates in Congress. The answer has been, that they must consider these communications as private and non-official—as corresponding with the confidential remarks, which, at St. Petersburg or Vienna, pass between individuals in official station, but which are there not permitted to obtain publicity. Now, we admit that nothing is more unlikely than that absolute governments will be satisfied with this rule, but we are ready to maintain that it is the only true and sound one. What right, in fact, has Louis Napoleon to complain of the freedom of the English press, even though it amounted to license? It is a distinctive feature of our domestic policy, with which, by the very assumption on which he finds his complaint, he has nothing whatever to do. The claim urged on his behalf is simply that the blow which has stunned the French press should benumb the press of England—that he should be allowed to exercise a censorship over our newspapers as he does over his own. Such a claim we are prompted to resist by every instinct of independence; and our resistance is amply justified by the principle we have laid down. Some self-imposed limitation of the rule may be required in order to ensure its practical working, but the press may fairly be left to settle for itself the restraints which should qualify its frankness. Its influence is determined, in the long run, by its ability; and its ability will never be found disjoined, in the long run, from a proper sense of its responsibilities.

Do the authors of the reproof administered to us deny *in toto* our right to discuss foreign affairs—or do they only concede it when the concerns of our neighbors have an appreciable bearing on our own? Even on the latter assumption, it will still be found that the narrow and untenable ground which it supposes is large enough to include all that has been published on the subject of Louis Napoleon by the English press. It is true that Englishmen are not very likely to suffer from any attempt among themselves to copy the president's outrages upon law, person, and property—although it is really impossible to say what dangers even they might run, were they to allow the first principles of society to be violated, in conspicuous instances, without a protest adequate to the occasion. The last decree promulgated in Paris creates a tribunal which, in several features of its constitution, is a complete novelty in the history of jurisprudence. The example would very probably be set aside by a superficial observer, as possessing no interest for ourselves; and yet it is not so very long ago that a casual collision between the courts of law and the legislature showed us that all the elementary principles relating to the limits of the judicial office had still to be settled in England. Granting, however, that the president's crimes are unlikely to harm us as precedents, is there no other sort of baneful influence which they are calculated to exercise? Is no degradation of national charac-

ter likely to ensue from the spectacle of outrages which we are too cowardly to censure? What is the public morality of a people which goes daily and hourly through the parrot-like repetition of its constitutional maxims, and yet can be persuaded to shut its eyes and its mouth when every one of them is trampled and spit upon in turn before the face of the nations? It happens, moreover, that the very questions calling most imperatively for our attention are such as cannot be honestly or rationally treated without the freest criticism on the actors in the recent political convulsions. Lord John pre lected on Tuesday evening, for nearly half an hour, upon the connection between revolutionary excess and reactionary oppression; and he showed that he felt the necessity of pointing his remarks, by his reference—selected apparently on the principle of *experimentum in corpore vili*—to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. When the premier comes to introduce his measure for the extension of the suffrage, he will hear more about this doctrine of revolution producing reaction, and reaction reproducing revolution, which has the convenient peculiarity of being equally available on both sides of a reform question. The spirit of Mr. J. W. Croker can scarcely have quite died out in the House of Commons; and if Lord John Russell should happen to be pressed by the disciples of the great quarterly reviewer with comparisons between a five-pound franchise and the revolution of 1848, we should like to know how he can better answer them than by pointing out how much cunning, treachery, and violence were necessary to reverse a political change which its very authors consider to have been a disastrous blunder.

From the Morning Chronicle, 9th Feb.

Friday next will witness the introduction of a measure to which the people of this country look forward with an anxiety proportioned to its importance. We allude to the bill on the militia. What precise steps the government may take on this subject, we, of course, cannot say—further than that it is intended, as we stated on Saturday morning, to enrol the national force in question to the number of 70,000 men. But we are at all events glad to see that, whilst the premier is angry with the press for offering its advice on the matter of the national defences, he is convinced of the necessity of complying with it. His historical *souvenirs* of the Peace of Amiens are doubtless interesting, if they are not exactly novel; and his compliments to the President of the French republic are certainly more than civil, if they are less than honest. But we will pass them over; for we are so anxious to join in the noble lord's conclusions that we feel little inclination to criticize his premises. If he is willing that we should "take the measures which every other state thinks necessary for the public defence"—if he admits that, "when there is, as there always is, a possibility of war, it is necessary to be prepared for our defence"—he may laud Louis Napoleon, and abuse the press of his own country, to his heart's content. Our object is purely and simply the defence of the nation. If the premier's mind is so singularly constituted that he thinks it imperatively necessary to call out the militia, to increase the army, and to equip the navy—not because there is any danger of war, not because of the unsettled state of Europe in general, and of France in particular, but because there is "always a possibility of war," and because of the invention of percussion shells and needle

guns—we shall not stop to remind him that the "possibility of war" was as good an argument for such measures in 1846 as it is now, that percussion shells have been in use for many years, and that the Chasseurs de Vincennes carried Minié rifles long before he came into office. We must not look a gift-horse in the mouth. If we are at last, even in this eleventh hour, to have an efficient, or at least a not grossly inefficient, system of national defence, let us by all means begin to set things to rights at once, and not lose time in considering whose fault it is that they are in such confusion.

If we saw a fair chance of really effective measures being taken, we should confine ourselves to suggestion. But, unfortunately, there is in English public men a constitutional tendency towards an ostrich-like policy. So long as the compliments of the Houses of Parliament repay the after-dinner civilities of the Elysée, our public men will scarcely persuade themselves that Louis Napoleon can possibly be so rude as to attack us. So long as the press abstains from exposing the deficiencies of the army and navy, and from commenting upon the mal-administration of the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, the president will, it is taken for granted, remain in ignorance of the weakness of the one and of the inefficiency of the other. "Prophesy unto us smooth things" has been the voice of the sluggard in all ages. Lord Derby is very angry with us for "parading the supposed inability of the country to defend itself." But does he imagine that everybody is utterly unacquainted with the state of the country until it is exposed in the newspapers? Does he give us credit for possessing boots of swiftness and invisible caps, wherewith to pry into the secrets of Portsmouth and Woolwich? Does he suppose that Colonel Chesney's work on artillery, and Captain Maurice's "Etude Militaire" on the invasion of England—not to speak of our own parliamentary papers—are utterly unknown and inaccessible to the French government? If he does, he is much mistaken. We have never published anything on these matters, but what all persons might have known if they would but have taken the trouble to inform themselves; and he may be well assured that the French government has never thought that trouble superfluous. Captain Maurice has counted our troops, calculated the strength of our fortifications, collected maps of the channel, enumerated our fleet—nay, he has weighed our very railway trains; yet we are to be taunted with "something worse than folly" for making our countrymen acquainted with facts which had formed the date of military problems at Paris and Genève long before we referred to the subject. The warnings of the press may put a nation on its guard against an invasion—but they can add nothing to the information of an invader.

Equally absurd and frivolous were Lord John Russell's remarks upon the tone of the press on this question:—"To see some of the letters which have been published, and to hear some of the language which had been used, it would seem that these two great nations, so wealthy, so civilized, so intelligent, were going to butcher each other, merely to see what could be the effect of percussion shells and needle guns." Our impression of the letters and language referred to was widely different from that which they seem to have left upon Lord John. It was that one of "these two great nations" was in some danger of receiving from the other a practical lesson of the efficiency of percussion shells and Minié rifles, without any

adequate means of preventing such a catastrophe. No one ever thought—and no one, except the *Constitutionnel*, ever said—that we were going to make war upon France. What we have tried to impress upon our readers is this—that whilst our soldiers are armed with muskets that will not kill, and our sailors embarked in ships that are never ready for sea when wanted, and seldom seaworthy when they are ready, our neighbors, who have provided themselves with the very best equipments and the most perfectly organized fleet, are in a state of compression at home which renders it not impossible that they may seek some outlet for their energies abroad.

We did not provoke this discussion; but when we are charged with exposing the weakness and increasing the dangers of the country, we really must ask—when did the present ministry ever adopt any reform, unless they were positively driven to it by the voice of the press and the nation? When did they ever omit to avail themselves of the silence of the press and the public, as an excuse for shelving any troublesome question that was urged upon them? For six years they have allowed the nation to remain undefended, because they dared not face the opposition of Mr. Hume and Mr. Cobden. “For many years,” said Lord Grey, “he thought it had been necessary that something should be done to place this country in a greater state of security against aggression.” Whose fault is it that that “something” was not done! What right have ministers, who, on their own showing, have left their highest duty undischarged for six years, to turn round upon those who remind them of it, and to say—“Pray be quiet, and don’t expose our common weakness!” Suppose a man were to evade his creditors till the extreme period allowed by the statute of limitations was close at hand, and were then to say to them, “Don’t ask me to pay you. Don’t you observe that, if duns are seen about my doors, my credit will be lowered!” Where a debt must be paid at once, or not at all, some impunity may be excused. Where a country has been left at the mercy of its neighbors till its fleets and armies are one huge mass of confusion and mismanagement, it is time to speak out, unless we wish to have our mouths shut by a *coup d'état*. It is very unpleasant, no doubt, to official persons to have to answer plain questions, and to be called upon to adopt decisive measures; but the national honor and safety cannot afford to wait on the convenience of noble lords and honorable gentlemen who conduct their business in such a leisurely style that they spend half-a-dozen years in “thinking it necessary to do something.”

To return to the position from which we started—we are extremely glad to find ourselves in practical agreement with so many gentlemen who have so little in common. Lord Derby thinks the president pacific, the press rather mad, and Europe very friendly—and, therefore, we ought to be prepared to resist invasion. Lord Grey assures us that the government have always wished to put the country in state of defence—that they have done a good deal towards that object—that we are on the most satisfactory terms with our neighbors—that nobody intends to attack us—and, therefore, we ought to be upon our guard against foreign aggression. Lord John Russell attributes the president’s conduct to the purest motives—deprecates the violence of the press—is sure that the president knows how little it is worth—and, therefore, it will be well to consider the desirableness and necessity of calling

out the militia. Nay, even Mr. Bonham Carter announces that

Nought shall make us rue
If England to herself do prove but true.

“When you give judgment never give your reasons; your conclusions will probably be right, your arguments will certainly be wrong”—such was the old lawyer’s advice to the young judge. Mr. Bonham Carter’s poetry pleases us better than the prose of his official friends. What Louis Napoleon may think we know not—but, for our part, when a gentleman overwhelms a suspicious character with civility, gives him the road, makes excuses for his bad manners, attributes his peccadilloes to the purest motives, and withal fumbles in his pockets for a Colt’s revolver, and nervously plays with the string of a life-preserver, we are apt to infer that he would do better to conceal his fear, instead of his weapons. To those who blame us for “exposing the weakness of the country,” we would say, “Take care how you expose our alarm.” Even Louis Napoleon will hardly believe in the sincerity of compliments to his patriotism and good intentions; and if he finds that robbery and tyranny can extort such civilities from a minister, he may perhaps be led to suppose that insolence and threats may incline a nation to submit to humiliation.

From the Times, 7th Feb.

Destined, as we believe the press to be, to occupy a position of continually increasing importance, and to exercise a power over the formation of public opinion compared with which its present influence is but slight, it is most desirable that a true theory of its duties, responsibilities, and field of action should be enunciated, or, at any rate, that it should not be fettered by the application of erroneous tests and arbitrary principles. The ends which really patriotic and enlightened journal should have in view, are, we conceive, absolutely identical with the ends of an enlightened and patriotic minister, but the means by which the journal and the minister work out these ends, and the conditions under which they work, are essentially and widely different. The statesman in opposition must speak as one prepared to take office; the statesman in office must speak as one prepared to act. A speech or a despatch with them is something more than an argument or an essay—it is a measure. Undertaking not so much the investigation of political problems as the conduct of political affairs, they are necessarily not so much seekers after truth as expediency. The press, on the other hand, has no practical function; it works out the ends it has in view by argument and discussion alone, and, being perfectly unconnected with administrative or executive duties, may and must roam at free will over topics which men of political action dare not touch. Were the press to be, as Lord Derby wishes to see it, confined within the same narrow limits as practical statesmen, it would lose at once its power and elasticity, and sink into a dull chronicle of passing events. It is because it can discuss things which political men in buckram must not assail, and throw off the conventional tone which they are or believe themselves forced to employ, that the press is able to give a support to liberty and justice which we should seek in vain from the most liberal government. Government must treat other governments with external respect, however black their origin or foul their deeds; but happily the press is under

no such trammels, and, while diplomatists are exchanging courtesies, can unmask the mean heart that beats beneath a star, or point out the bloodstains on the hand which grasps a sceptre. The duty of the journalist is the same as that of the historian—to seek out truth, above all things, and to present to his readers, not such things as statecraft would wish them to know, but the truth, as near as he can attain to it.

To require, then, the journalist and the statesman to conform to the same rules, is to mix up things essentially different, and is as unsound in theory as unheard-of in practice. Lord Derby tells us that the internal administration of a country is a matter of consideration and arrangement for that country alone; that we have never felt it our duty to protest against any form of internal government in France, and that, therefore, we have no right to canvass either the policy or morality of every step which has been taken. As regards statesmen this is true; as regards journalists it is utterly false; it is not only our right but our duty to discuss the policy and morality of the steps which have been taken, to look at them in every possible point of view, and to extract from them every inference of which they are capable. The free press of Europe, so long as there was a free press, exercised the same right towards us, without offence and without question. The press does not, as Lord Derby says, aspire to exercise the influence of statesmen, but its own, and reserves that respect which Lord Derby is content to profess for a sanguinary and unscrupulous despotism for something more respectable than absolute power and brute force. We do not interfere with the duties of statesmen; our vocation is, in one respect, inferior to theirs, for we are unable to wield the power or represent the collective dignity of the country; but in another point of view it is superior, for, unlike them, we are able to speak the whole truth without fear or favor. Yet, in discussing French politics we have never assumed a tone so offensive as that which the Earl of Derby has introduced into his homily. We have never said that for the last sixty years the government of France has been a succession of usurpations of one kind or another, and then contradicted ourselves and labelled our neighbors by stating that these usurpations were, one and all, the deliberate choice of the nation, or, still worse, that the extraordinary powers of the French president have been conferred upon him by the almost unanimous expression of the public opinion of France. Such statements are indeed insulting to French honor and nationality. Those who make them and believe them treat the gallant French nation as a race of slaves, barely competent for the choice of the tyrant who is to trample on them. In their respect for rank and power they transfer the crimes of a guilty individual to an innocent people. We would rather believe that Frenchmen have, like Englishmen, a love of liberty and hatred of tyranny; that their rights have been surprised and wrenched from them by fraud and violence; and that the vote which we are called upon to respect was extorted by terror and the misrepresentations of a press drilled in Lord Derby's own school, to echo in parrot notes the tone of the dominant class of French statesmen. Which of the two is more just to our neighbors it is for the public to judge; but we cannot take leave of Lord Derby without expressing our apprehension that he would be a more tolerant censor of the press had its shafts been levelled at the license of republics instead of the excesses of despotism. It is

strange that in the same speech in which he so emphatically denies the right of one country to canvass the institutions of another, Lord Derby goes out of his way to insult the only sincere and trustworthy ally we have left, by telling the United States that they enjoy far less liberty than ourselves, and that the tyranny of a majority there is worse than the despotic rule of other countries. We hope that the next time the Earl of Derby condescends to administer a lecture to the press he will set us a better example of the prudence and moderation which he preaches, and not, as in this instance, first cruelly defame the nation which he undertakes to defend, and then seek an opportunity for ungracious and injurious comments on our most valuable ally. We trust also that he will not wholly forget, while dealing out his censures on the press, that the utmost flights and vagaries of a newspaper fall immeasurably short of that intemperance in language in which it has sometimes been his delight to indulge at the expense of his political opponents, and which has converted many a debate in the House of Commons into something little more dignified than a prize-fight.

Of Lord Grey we have little to say; for, after adopting every word of Lord Derby's indiscretions and contradictions with an unqualified concurrence, he expressed his opinion that the duty of every individual in his private capacity was to abstain from all interference in, that is, from all discussion of, the internal politics of France. His lordship was, moreover, indignant, and declared that, though the newspapers might express the opinions of those who write in them, they do not express the opinions of any large party in this country. How much of this has been retracted by his subsequent apology we do not know, nor is it very important to inquire, for we really think we may fairly claim to be as good judges of public opinion as a nobleman who derives his knowledge of its existence by continually outraging it. If we do not represent the opinion of the country we are nothing. No family influence, no aristocratic connexion, no balance of parties, can preserve to us our influence one moment after we have lost the esteem and approbation of the public. We assert that the opinion of this country, against which all else is powerless, claims and demands to be freely exercised, not merely on the conduct of our own government, but on that of every power on the face of the earth, and that the conclusions which the press has arrived at with regard to Louis Napoleon are also the feelings of the sound English heart, and the ideas of the vigorous English understanding. Let those who will preach silence on crimes which they cannot deny and dare not even palliate; we have been trained in another school, and will not shrink from boldly declaring what we freely think, though it should be our disagreeable duty to tell Lord Derby that he pretends to lead, and Lord Grey that he is the scourge of the party which he is permitted to govern.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR—Really this is a very pretty quarrel which has arisen between the "Statesmen" and the Press. With your permission, I should be glad to say a few words on it.

In the first place, what are these statesmen? and what are you? They are the servants of the crown, and you the mouthpiece of the people. Here, again, I must ask, what is the crown, and

what is the people? Which of the two has been, and which is now, the stronger? Well, in olden times the crown, we are told, was strong and divine, the people weak and devilish—"Vox populi, vox diaboli." Is it the same now? I think not. For the last century at least the crown has grown weaker and weaker, the people stronger and stronger; as the crown lost strength "the statesmen," its servants, have grown more and more amenable to public opinion, and as the people have gained strength, you—and by you I mean the press—its mouthpiece, have grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength, till you have come to be a power in the state—the fourth estate, as some style you. "Aim at being statesmen," indeed! You ought to be ashamed of yourself if you did not aim at being something more than a "servant of the crown."

So, then, in this happy family called Great Britain the state of things is pretty much this:—The crown is the wife, the weaker vessel; the people is the husband, the man in business; the statesmen are the servants. The man works, and he works hard; he is out all day amassing money in a thousand ways; for what purpose? Why! to spend on his wife, whom he idolizes, and who is supposed to lead a quiet life at home, receiving her friends and looking after the servants. If she has a wish, she has only to express it to her husband, though he is often hard put to it, to gratify her desires.

"My dear John, I should so like to have my country cousins to stay with me."

"Well, my love, write and ask them to come up."

"Ah, but the house isn't large enough, and looks so shabby. It wants a new wing and new furniture."

So John, good easy man, who is proud of his wife, draws the check, the new wing to the house is built, the house is newly furnished, the country cousins come, and all is harmony and peace for a time.

Another time the wife would like new stables. She has them. Another time a new ball-room "just run up by the side of the house, and that nasty road turned that passes so close to us." The ball-room is built, and the road turned, though the neighbors hold up their hands in amazement at the heaps of money Mr. Bull spends to please his wife. Another time she must have a new greenhouse all built of glass, and to be ready in no time. She has her way, and the greenhouse rises, as if by magic, right in the middle of Mr. Bull's park. This greenhouse was such a sight as the world has never seen before, and such as it will never see again; but after John had racked his brains to devise a plan for it, and pinched himself in many ways to carry the plan out, and, when it was carried out, scoured land and sea to fill it with precious plants, what do you think his wife's servants did? Why, they went and persuaded their mistress that the greenhouse was damp, and too big, and sure to tumble down, and that the best thing would be to pull it down and sell it for old glass and iron.

This parallel might be pursued further, but I stop here, for in what I have said the relations that should exist between crown and people are sufficiently indicated. The people love the crown, and I am sure the crown ought to love the people. Let the crown continue to play the wife's part in the house and the people will adore it; let it content itself with the retiring virtues of the weaker

vessel, and not interfere in public life, and it may have its stables, and ball-rooms, and greenhouses to its heart's content; the more the people pays in this way the better pleased it will be. The man loves his wife, is proud of her, and likes to spend money on her. But let the wife abandon her position and combine with the servants to throw dust in her husband's eyes—if one of the servants, for instance, misbehaves himself, let her abuse the delinquent before his fellow-servants, and extract a solemn promise in writing from him that he will never do so again, and when Mr. Bull comes home and says, "My dear, Henry's misconduct is the talk of the whole street; the neighbors say the way he goes on is quite scandalous;" let her say, "Don't believe them, we never had a better servant than Henry; it's all a plot to drive him out of his place;"—I say let the wife do all this, and suppose after a year or so the husband finds out that the neighbors spoke the truth, and that his wife and the servants were deceiving him, will his confidence be strengthened or his temper improved?

And now for these "Statesmen,"—these servants of the crown, whose position Lord Derby supposes you aim at filling—have they behaved so honorably of late that any one would care to stand in their shoes? I have heard it said of certain acquirements that they were "as easy as lying;" and if one may judge from the specimens of statesmanship which the whigs have lately presented to the world, I should say their statesmanship was of the same facile character. Think of the "Greek quarrel," and that "suspicious minute of the crown" fortified with which a prime minister of England went down to the House of Commons, not for the object of disproving by its help the charges against his "firebrand" colleague, but for the express purpose of asserting that he disbelieved those charges, when the very best proof of their truth was contained in that very minute, extorted from his colleague in the hour of extreme peril only to be held *in terrorem* over his head. This may be statesmanship, but it is also the direct contradiction of what is commonly called truth.

Take another case. Hardly a month back what did we see in Ireland? Why, one of these statesmen—and I am free to admit one of the best of them—entering into pecuniary relations with an obscure journal for the sake of securing its support, or, in other words, engaged in bribing the press, and thereby in corrupting public opinion.

Last of all, take this latest instance of "statesmanship" in the case of the French tyrant, of whom it is notorious these very servants of the crown expressed their abhorrence in private life—that is, in servants' parlance, "downstairs in the kitchen," and yet when called upstairs to wait on their master in the Houses of Parliament, their very first act was to abuse the press and throw it overboard as a vile, intemperate, unstatesman-like thing that aimed at a position which it was incapable of filling. "They abuse the president! They call him tyrant! They are afraid of his designs on England! How ridiculous! All they wished was he might hold his own; and as for England—well! she might, perhaps, just look a little to her defences." Verily, the "servants of the crown" never looked less like English gentlemen than on the first night of the session.

And now, sir, for your part, I bid you go on and prosper; fulfil your mission against friend or foe, and tell the truth without fear. It must be

some consolation to you to know that the only "statesman" who has been worth his salt of late years could address you in these memorable words:—

If I do not offer the expressions of personal gratitude, it is because I feel that such expressions would do injustice to the character of a support which was given exclusively on the highest and most independent grounds of public principle;

and who, in the same letter, expressed his admiration at the "daily exhibition of that extraordinary ability" to which he "was indebted for a support the more valuable because it was an impartial and discriminating support." Go on, I say again, and prosper; and, with regard to the present ruler in France, let these words express your feeling as well as that of all England—

Manus hec inimica tyrannis,
Ense p'cit placidam sub libertate quietem.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,
"NO STATESMAN."

From the same number of the *Times*, we are proud to copy and place in this connexion—

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. RIVES.

Department of State, Washington, Jan. 12, 1852.

Sir,—Your despatches have been regularly received up to the 21st of last month. The movement made by the republic of France on the 2d ult. created surprise here as well as with you, not only by the boldness and extent of its purpose, but also the secrecy with which preparation for it had been made, the suddenness of its execution, and the success which appeared to have attended it. It was quite natural that you should be in no haste to appear at the public reception of the president after the overthrow of the written republican constitution of France, and you sympathize, in that respect, with the great body of your countrymen. If that overthrow had become necessary, its necessity is deeply to be deplored, because, however imperfect its structure, it was the only great republican government in Europe; and all Americans wished its success. We feel as if the catastrophe which has befallen may weaken the faith of mankind in the permanency and solidity of popular institutions; nevertheless, and although our own government is now the only republic ranking among countries of the first class, we cling to its principles with increased affection. Long experience has convinced us of its practicability to do good, and its power to maintain liberty and order. We know that it has conferred the greatest blessings on the country, and raised her to eminence and distinction among the nations, and, if we are destined to stand the only great republican nation, so we shall still stand. Before this reaches you the election will be over; and if, as is probable, a decided majority of the people should be found to support the president, the course of duty for you will become plain. From President Washington's time down to the present day it has been a principle always acknowledged by the United States, that any nation possesses a right to govern itself according to its own will, to change its institutions at discretion, and to transact its business through whatever agents it may think proper to employ. This cardinal point in our policy has been strongly illustrated by rec-

ognizing the many forms of political power which have been successively adopted in France, in the scenes of the revolutions with which that country has been visited. Throughout all these changes the government of the United States has conducted itself in strict conformity to the original principles adopted by Washington, and made known to the different agents abroad, and to the nations of the world, by Mr. Jefferson's letter to Governor Morris, of the 12th of March, 1793; and if the French people have now substantially made another change, we have no choice but to acknowledge that also. And, as the diplomatic representative of your country in France, you will act as your predecessors have acted, and conform to what appears to be settled national authority; and, while we deeply regret the destruction of popular institutions, yet our ancient ally has still our good wishes for her prosperity and happiness, and we are bound to leave her to the choice of means for the promotion of those ends.

I am, dear, sir, respectfully your obd't. serv't.,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

From the *Times*, 9th Feb.

If Lord John Russell intends to measure our defensive preparations by the limits to which "even the United States" carry these peculiar institutions, it will be hard to say where our national soldiering is to stop. In the matter of estimates it is true that the demonstrations of America are exceedingly moderate and pacific, but in respect of genuine martial spirit and fondness for military display there are no people on earth more conspicuous than the countrymen of Elihu Burritt. The fact is worth observing, both by those who are intrusted with the administration of affairs and those who have charged themselves with the peculiar advocacy of the doctrines of peace. Undoubtedly, where the regular army is small, the annual expenditure is small also; but, where every man is a perfect soldier in his own conceit, the spirit of military enthusiasm can never fail to be effectually diffused. No people have been more pugnacious than the citizens of free states habituated to volunteer soldiering. It has been repeatedly seen in America that the habits of the militia-man pass with the utmost promptitude into those of the regular campaigner, and we very much doubt whether the Emperor of Russia himself commands half so martial a population as the President of the Union.

The Life and Works of Robert Burns. Edited by Robert Chambers. Harper and Brothers.

The first of the four volumes of this work has just been reprinted. It is, undoubtedly, the most complete and satisfactory memorial of the brilliant, yet sad career of one of Nature's truest noblemen that has appeared. The memoir is new, more full and suggestive than any previously written. The selections from the poet's correspondence, the annotations on his poems, the anecdotes of his life, and the estimate of his genius combined, as they are, from many sources, the result of a careful and elaborate survey of all that remains to us of his mental productions and the tributes to this fame, will be found to have, in many instances, the charm of novelty, to be felicitously arranged, and so brought together as to satisfy curiosity and gratify sympathy. The work will, undoubtedly, become a standard in this country, as it has in England.—*Home Journal*.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE LADY IN THE GARDEN.

AN ANECDOTE OF EASTERN LOVE.

It is difficult to convey by words an idea of an oriental garden. There is always danger of creating a picture too luxuriant and gorgeous, of transporting the reader into the regions of Arabian mythology, of awakening impressions, indeed, totally different from those which one really does experience when wandering in the places themselves. What wealth of materials for poetical enumeration! What poverty of effect! These are the first exclamations that rise to our lips at sight of the result of the utmost efforts of Egyptian horticulture—for I speak now especially of Egypt.

Palm, pomegranate, fig, sycamore, olive, orange, and citron trees could not be disposed in a more unpicturesque and tasteless manner than, for example, in the garden of Moharrem Bey, (near Alexandria)—where, if any lovely group does present itself, it is entirely the creation of accident. Trees among the Muslimes are in general regarded simply as fruit-bearing, or as shadow-giving; and I never could make any one of them understand the applicability of the word *kwoyés*—“beautiful”—to anything that was not of immediate utility. Women are *kwoyés*—good puddings are *kwoyés*—pure water, strong coffee, fragrant tobacco, and a cool shade, are all *kwoyés*; but the shade of a ragged tent is on a par with that of the grandest sycamore.

The garden “belonging to Moharrem Bey,” as it is called, but which practically belongs to the public, is a vast space of ground, part orchard, part kitchen-garden, and in part, though as I have said almost accidentally, ornamental. The walks are straight, and bordered with trees, generally small and irregular in height. Here and there is a kind of arbor full of cobwebs and dried leaves; and at one point a very handsome kiosque with fountains, in the midst of a grove, planted not with any artistic intentions, but entirely for the purpose of creating a dense, cool shade. Thither the Alexandrians repair in crowds towards evening, in order to enjoy their pipes and gaze at the toilettes of the fine ladies—European, of course, or, at any rate, Christian; for when a *harim* favors the spot with a visit, the doors are closed, and all profane males rigidly excluded.

One evening I went to the garden with two friends, one a Levantine, and, one, as the ladies called him, a Muscovite. There had been rather a hot wind, so that very few thought it comfortable to be out of doors, and we found the walks almost deserted. Now and then a figure would cross slowly at the bottom of a long vista; and once we heard some children laughing in a thicket; but these circumstances only heightened the feeling of solitude which came over us, as we strolled languidly along, and obeyed unresistingly the impulse first to lower our voices into a whisper, and then to relapse into silence.

As I have said, there is no intentional beauty in the way in which the trees are arranged; but accident is sometimes a great artist, and one little avenue running east and west presents a charming perspective, especially at that hour. We entered it by the eastern extremity. The sun was blazing full upon us, with its almost horizontal beams, over the garden-wall, and made us pause to notice the curious effect. It was like a furnace at the bottom of a cave of verdure. Our eyes were

dazzled. Not only was it impossible to look straight ahead, but even the forms of the trees seemed to waver before our eyes, as a thousand beams of gold, and green, and purple, and crimson, worked their way through them. Presently, however, the sun sank out of view, leaving the tips only of the trees, as it were, quick with light, and allowing us to see the various forms of the branches, the masses of leaves, the dark shadows, the track of bright green. All the trees which the garden produced were grouped there, and at various intervals the huge, ragged leaves of the banana drooped gently across the path.

We had resumed our walk, when suddenly a group presented itself coming down towards us, intercepting the last rays of light. With the exception of one old gentleman, wearing beard of huge respectability, they were all women encased in habaras, or black silk mantles, under which were seen what may be called aprons of blue, red, yellow, green, descending from the chin to the feet. Most of them carried their veils in their hands, showing that they belonged to that class of Levantines which is beginning to consider itself civilized; and a collection of prettier and more expressive faces it is difficult to imagine.

There was one, however, that surpassed all the rest in loveliness; but loveliness of a peculiar kind. The countenance, though apparently belonging to one young in years, was far from holding out that delightful promise of a first passion which is so irresistibly attractive to whoever possesses a sensitive mind. Every feature, even in its intense repose, seemed to bear the record of having once been kindled by powerful feeling; the mouth was, as it were, languid with too much smiling, the eyes were faint with too much weeping, and the pale flag of melancholy was hoisted in those cheeks, that erewhile had glowed with health and joy. Other faces tell of romance to come; this told of romance that had passed. It was impossible for me to behold it for a moment without desiring to know the details, of the history of which there was a reminiscence in every look.

My companions were not remarkable for spicacity, and vulgarly fell in love at first sight. I could as soon have thought of falling in love with a young wife weeping over the grave of her first-born. The deep interest, however, which I felt, and which was revealed in my manner, was mistaken by my friends for a passion so much stronger than theirs, that, after the ceremony of introduction was over, they instinctively allowed me to address myself to the pensive beauty, and by degrees to monopolize her society. But the character of my attentive notice was not mistaken by its object, and I was rewarded by a kindness and familiarity of behavior, that drew upon me a variety of nudges and several very audible whispers to the effect that I was a “duced lucky fellow.” I considered myself so; though not in the sense in which they understood the words. Miriam was a charming person—quite a lady among her people—and without being very lively, entertained me, as we walked a little apart from the company, with most amiable conversation. The interview lasted less than half-an-hour; but before it drew quite to a close, our intimacy seemed so to have ripened, that I ventured to acknowledge the interest her appearance had awakened in me. A deep cloud of sadness instantly settled upon her features; two or three large tear-drops twinkled amidst her splendid eye-lashes, and she said to me, almost with a

motherly expression:—"Young stranger, it were a piteous tale to relate, yet if I had the strength and courage, I would do so. Believe me, however, the narrative would be neither amusing nor instructive. Such sorrows as mine are too common in the world to suggest any other moral than this—'mankind were born to suffer'—and perhaps you have already lived long enough to know that the brighter and keener are our hopes, the more bitter is our disappointment."

We returned to town soon afterwards; my companions had learned that the lady had just arrived from Syria, and proposed to remain some time—probably for good—in Alexandria. She was said to possess a fair fortune; but, singularly enough, no one knew precisely whether she was married or single, maid or widow. This was the more remarkable, as among the Levantines every one is related more or less to everybody, and the most private matters are discussed and canvassed by the whole community. Whether the old gentleman with whom she lived knew more than he chose to tell, or not, my friends could not decide. They both joined me in declaring Lady Miriam to be a most beautiful and interesting person, and very obstinately insisted that my curiosity about her was not objectless. They pronounced her an excellent match; but with a jealousy, natural it would seem to mankind, maliciously followed up this declaration of opinion by suggesting that there was something very suspicious in her history.

I subsequently learned the truth from the lips of Miriam herself. As she had forewarned me, it was the old story of disappointed hopes, over which the world has wept for thousands of years, and over which, alas! it will ever continue to weep. But there were some incidents that gave a peculiarly Eastern stamp to the narrative. She was a native of Damascus, in Syria, but had left that city when about the age of fifteen, and gone to Constantinople, where her father set up in business. I thought myself transported back to the times of Haroun El-Rashid, as I listened to how this merchant arrived in the great city, how he took a shop and spread his goods for sale, and how of one piece of gold he made two.

As she spoke, and seemed to cast about in the deep recesses of her memory for facts, I made a curious observation, the truth of which was afterwards confirmed. It seemed as if she was older than her appearance at first testified, and that sorrow, instead of having induced premature decay, had, as it were, petrified her, and caused her to retain through a long succession of years the very aspect she wore when misfortune fell upon her.

She had a little delicacy about telling me how she became acquainted with him. Possibly, like many other young girls, in some moment of idleness, she looked out for a sentimental adventure for its own sake. The object of her love was a youth, less remarkable for beauty than for a certain princely demeanor, a certain elevation of views, a certain reckless violence of passion peculiar to himself. He insisted that, for some time, their acquaintance should be kept a secret from the father—promising when the fitting moment came to demand her hand with such circumstances of splendor as would insure success. When asked who and what he was, he answered with some hesitation, that he was the son of a prince, a king—somewhere in the north; and Miriam guessed that he came from one of the Danubian provinces, which she had heard were Christian. Having full confidence in

his honor, and conceiving that he must have some powerful motive for mystery, she abstained from pressing him much on this subject.

They used to meet in a little kiosque or pavilion in a garden behind her father's house, near the borders of the sea. The young man used to come in a little caïque with a single attendant, who remained on the watch. Miriam at first brought a faithful black girl as companion and protector; but soon disregarded this precaution, and confided herself entirely to her lover. Long and sweet moonlight nights, bright and balmy days, they passed together, whilst the old father was at business, or in bed. It was the season of spring, and Nature seemed to soften and grow more beautiful to please their young senses.

At length a little cloud gathered on the horizon. The father announced that the time of marriage had come, and that he had sought for and selected a husband. There is a good deal of routine in these love affairs. Miriam had not the courage to acknowledge, and the old man had not the wit to understand. They were neither of them more angelic than the Capulets; and, Eastern ideas aiding, the sad history of that family menaced to repeat itself. A powerful will, however, intervened to force the current of events into a new channel.

Two nights after Miriam had communicated to her lover the proposed marriage, she was sitting in the kiosque, looking forth upon the broad expanse of waves that danced and kindled in the moonbeams. She had sat there the previous night and waited in vain for the coming of what she considered as the star of her existence; and that night the usual hour had long since passed, when she beheld a larger caïque with an awning or cabin approaching along the shore. She shrunk a little backwards, behind the shadow of a myrtle-bush, lest her presence might be observed by strangers. But the caïque advanced boldly to the usual landing-place, and her lover leaped lightly ashore, and ran to meet her. The first embrace over, he invited her, in a wild, reckless way, to come on board his caïque, and enjoy an hour or two on the water. Not displeased, though somewhat puzzled by his manner, she went. He took her into the cabin, and there, when the crew of sixteen men had plied their oars for some time, confessed that he was taking her away from her home. She expostulated at first; but he soon contrived to console her by promises that her father should know of her safety, and that very shortly she should behold him again. How easy it is for a young girl to believe in the words of a lover!

He took her to a palace with a large garden surrounded by high walls; and there, having become his wife, she passed some months in a happiness which she lacked words to describe. To her this was the great feature, the chief incident, of her story. She enlarged on the occupation of every hour, on the delicious walks and exquisite meals they enjoyed together; on the anguish of his absence that imperceptibly became more frequent, on the boundless delight of his return. Her only real cause of uneasiness, however, was that by frequent observation she discovered that her lover always contrived to retire from her at the Mohammedan hour of prayer, and the dreadful suspicion entered her mind that she had given herself up to the enemy of her race and faith.

When this idea first presented itself, it threw

her into a perfect agony of terror and despair ; but on contemplating the excessive devotion displayed towards her, she contrived, with the sophistry of woman's love, to persuade herself that she might atone for the sin she had committed in thus quitting her father's house, by rescuing a soul from the hands of Satan. Thus the very motives of her shame and grief furnished her with topics of consolation.

Time passed on, and her lover began to prolong his absences for days together. She questioned her servants ; but they all professed perfect ignorance, even of the locality where they were. Provisions were brought day by day to the gate of the garden by men who maintained an obstinate silence ; and no one was ever permitted to go forth. At length he came one evening, evidently in a state of great excitement, and, though he endeavored to be cheerful and loving, could not conceal that he was in expectation of some great event. An hour or so passed in moody silence. Then there was heard a mighty murmur in the city. A crowd came to the gates of the palace ; there was a great stirring and bustle. " Do not ask me to say anything further," cried Miriam, pressing her hands to her forehead. " I heard it said that Sultan Mahmoud was no more, and that Abd-el-Mejid reigned in his stead. I never saw him again ; but was taken back to my father's house. I found the good old man waiting for me with impatience. He knew all, and pardoned me. He knew more than I did, indeed. Offers had been made and rejected. Dire necessity, incompatible pretensions, alone caused our separation ; and here I am, with the revenues of a princess if I choose to demand them, but with a heart that can never know real joy, though it may know contentment. My father died last year, and I have come for a change to Egypt ; but I feel ill at ease in this country, and shall probably return to Damascus next spring. My house will always be open to receive you."

Such was the explanation of this lady's melancholy. I wept with her over her misfortunes ; but her tears were soon dried. She seemed, after all, to derive more pleasure than pain from the contemplation of her past existence ; and, indeed, the only circumstance which gave her keen regret was the fact that her lover had been of a different creed. I often went to see her, and learned to consider her state as a very endurable one. She had exhausted the joys of life, it is true, within a few months ; but she could transport herself back to that period at pleasure.

Before her departure for Damascus a nascent *embonpoint* revealed the perfect tranquillity of her mind ; and when I pay my promised visit, I expect to talk again over all these things with the serene and portly dame of whom the outline was then only just beginning to fill up.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

LOVE IN THE NORTH.

THE grouse-shooting had commenced a few days. The steamers on the Caledonian Canal were crowded with sportsmen and tourists. The inns at Fort William and Benevie were nightly besieged by wild troops of hungry Sassenachs. Eley's cartridges and Black's hand-books rose to a premium in the provincial markets ; and the Highlands resounded with the joy of the stranger. The Gael gladly reaped, in expectation, the anticipated

harvest, while the breast of every mother palpitated with pleasurable excitement as she fixed one eye on the list of arrivals in the *Grouse-hire Courier*, and the other on her red-haired daughters. Meanwhile, the said nymphs were deciding on their dresses for the northern meeting, and thumbing *The Red Book* for the genealogy of every new comer. In fact, gaiety reigned in the North, except in the case of a few unfortunate tourists who found themselves at Inverness, and, having visited Macbeth's castle and the Field of Culloden, were at a loss how to employ themselves.

In one of the many country-houses famed for Celtic hospitality, a very merry party was met. There were grouse-shooters and Highland belles. The host and three other chieftains, who rejoiced in the names of The McDum, Kill-devil, Devil-hit, and Kill-bogle—there is a run on satanic nomenclature in the North, such as would drive a Yezidi to distraction—two or three English visitors made up the party of gentlemen. Of ladies, there were the daughters of the houses of McDum and Kill-devil, with many other of the neighboring damsels, all, of course, closely related to each other.

The mornings were devoted by the gentlemen, as in duty bound, to the game. In the afternoons they, perhaps, competed as Toxophilites with the ladies, or assisted them in adorning their albums with caricatures of the face of nature. In the evenings, dancing, music, and flirtation, prevented the most ardent sportsmen from becoming totally brutalized.

Of all the young ladies assembled beneath the roof of McDum, the one most renowned for desperate flirtation was Miss Clementina Kill-Loon. She was a young lady of great animal spirits. She was handsome, had a tolerable figure, and her ankles were not much larger than an Englishman's. She could ride, shoot, fish, dance a reel against any number of consecutive Sassenachs, and was altogether a great accession to a country-house. Yet she remained unmarried, and her twenty-seventh year was drawing on. But the reason was, the gentlemen said, she was *so very affectionate*. Every one was frightened at her readiness to catch at an offer ; besides, she so soon changed from one to another. There were Smith and Jones—they came one Wednesday. On Thursday Smith nearly capitulated, when she got hold of his hand in the conservatory, and would keep it ; but on Friday, coming unexpectedly into the dining-room, he found her on her knees before Jones, rubbing his left arm, which was rheumatically given—Jones looking rather sheepish. Smith fled from the spot, and refused to return. This season she had determined to make a victim of some unconscious Southerner. The natives, she knew, were too shrewd to be caught ; besides, they none of them had anything to live upon but the proceeds of their shootings and fishings. So she laid her plans accordingly. At the last northern meeting she had met a Lieutenant Spooner, then on recruiting service in the vicinity. He saw—admired—danced as often with her as propriety would permit—(and they do not think much of propriety beyond the Highland line, as long as a lady has a " lang pedigree,")—and was encouraged by her kind behavior to say more than he had ever dared to utter before ; for he was a timid youth and inexperienced in the ways of the world. Therefore, when he had replied to the question of " How do you like the North, Mr. Spooner ? " by answering, " I wish I could always

remain where I am now,"—she was lovingly squeezing him up into a corner of the sofa—he blushed violently and almost repented his audacity. However, her glances and squeezes of the hand restored his courage, and before he left the ball-room he was desperately in love. He told his passion in confidence to a friend, who, of course, told his friends, and so the tale came, not undiminished, to the ears of Miss Clementina.

A year's absence had almost effaced her image from his mind, for he had been suddenly called on duty; but the lady could not divine this, and, therefore, when she heard he was coming to pay The McDum a visit, she naturally concluded he was irresistibly drawn thither by her charms; of course, he came to seek her consent to make him the happiest man on earth. Full of this idea, on the morning of his arrival, she held a council of the ladies, and expounded to them the state of the case.

"But you know, he is so shy," she said to her sympathizing friends.

"Well, Clementina, we will do all we can for you; you are quite sure he wishes to propose?"

"Oh, yes! I know he only wants an opportunity. The dear creature—how pale and interesting he is looking!"

"Listen, ladies all," said Miss McDum. "This evening, after dinner, we will slip out of the room and leave them alone—then he is sure to speak."

So it was settled. The gentlemen entered readily into the plan, each one delighted to find the fair Clementina was not after him. Meanwhile the unconscious Spooner was deliberately preparing for dinner, quite unaware of their kind intentions towards him.

Of course, he handed Clementina down from the drawing-room, and the tender speeches and affectionate glances she bestowed upon him during dinner-time recalled many of his last year's feelings towards her. Indeed, he would have been still more subdued had not his timidity led him into a mistake, the confusion arising from which banished all thoughts of love from his breast. Not thinking himself sufficiently intimate with the chief to call him simply "McDum," he actually addressed him as Mr. McDum! The head of the clan looked like an insulted lion, and an embarrassing silence rebuked the trembling offender. He had scarcely recovered by the time when the gentlemen resought the drawing-room, and he was glad enough to seek for consolation from the charming Clementina, who allowed him to nestle close by her in a curtained recess. Engrossed by her conversation, he scarcely remarked the departure of most of the company from the room; but, at last aroused by the silence, he looked up just in time to catch a glimpse of the last couple as they disappeared through the doorway, and he and Clementina were the only occupants of the room. He felt the awkwardness of the position, and suggested to her that they should follow the others.

"Why should we, Mr. Spooner? Do you wish to go away?"

"Oh dear, no!—only I thought—they are all gone somewhere," gasped Mr. Spooner.

"Dear me! so they are: but I dare say they will soon be back; but pray go if you wish; don't let me detain you."

What could Mr. Spooner do? He balanced himself on the right foot, then on the left, and then sat down again, but at the other end of the sofa. A

pause ensued; he felt very like a schoolboy for whom the schoolmaster has sent—something was evidently coming. There was music on the chair close by. Clementina took up a song, "Oh! had I but one loving friend."

"Can you love me as a friend, Mr. Spooner?" she said, with a sweet glance.

"Oh yes, I dare say I can, if you wish it, Miss Kill-Loon," replied the unhappy man, clasping his moist hands together, and feeling as if he would have given the world for a thunderbolt to fall in the room. "What is she going to say next?" he thought. He looked at the door; if it had been open, he would have fled. It was shut—she would catch him before he could get it open. An involuntary sigh escaped from his lips.

"Why that sigh?" she whispered. "Is there any grief upon your mind?"

He determined to make an effort.

"Really, my dear Miss Kill-Loon, if you will excuse me—"

"Oh, Mr. Spooner!"

She blushed and turned her head.

"Now is the time to bolt," he thought, rising from the sofa.

"He is going to fall on his knees," she thought.

"If you will excuse me for a few minutes," he began.

She turned her head back again. She seized his hand.

"I know it all," she said. "You have come here on purpose to see me—"

"Hear me one moment, Miss Kill-Loon!"

He would have given the world to cry for help.

"On purpose to see me—to tell me all; but papa will never hear of it—but, oh! my heart," sobbing, "my heart has long been yours."

"What will become of me?" thought the unfortunate Spooner. It must be a dream. It was too horrible to be true. No—she held him firmly by the hand—there was no mistake about it.

"Take this," at last she said, placing a ring on his limp, passive finger, and abstracting his, the most valuable of his gems, in exchange, "these shall be the tokens of our mutual affection."

She paused awhile; and then, as he seemed incapable of doing or saying anything, she left him standing alone, and disappeared.

The company returned. Mr. Spooner pleaded indisposition, and retired to his bedroom. In that night his whiskers became prematurely gray. Before breakfast time he was on the mail with his face towards the south. At Carlisle he was laid up with a nervous attack, arising, as the doctor said, from some excessive mental agitation. On his recovery he returned the ring in a letter, the concocting of which cost him four days' incessant labor and a quarter's pay expended in stationery. Even then he did not think himself safe, and he seriously entertained a project of emigrating to some very distant settlement, when one morning, in looking over the *Times* for vessels bound for California direct, his eye was caught by a paragraph—

"On December 3, at Loonty, Augustus Reginald Fitz-Stephen, only son of Timothy Stephen, Esq., of Camberwell, to Clementina Alexandrina, eldest daughter of Hector Kill-Loon, Esq., of Strathbogie, and niece of The McDum."

Mr. Spooner immediately gave up all intention of emigrating, and became calm; but always, to this day, shudders at the very name of Grouse-shire.

From the Christian Observer.

THE CHARACTER OF MOSES.

I HAVE lately amused certain solitary walks by reflecting upon the character of Moses, and that with so much interest and pleasure, that I feel a strong inclination to say something on the subject; for surely it is in human nature to wish to speak on that which strikes us, and to utter admiration to others by whom we think it will be shared.

The man who, as the instrument of the Almighty, reared out of ruins and ashes a stupendous and enduring fabric, and moulded a great nation and a glorious church out of a horde of ignorant and broken-spirited slaves—who patiently wrought the noblest ideas into the reluctant and obstinate heart of his people, with a success which long ages have not ceased to attest—who, as the minister of a new dispensation, stands at the head of a great period of the world's history—who founded the community and fixed the institutions which were the home of grace and truth, and the birthplace of the everlasting Gospel—whose writings are the oldest which exist, and are still unsurpassed in grandeur and pathos, while they utter to the end of time the first rudiments of revelation, and the earliest voice of God—this man occupies a place in human history of solitary and unapproachable majesty, derived from the part assigned him in the divine arrangements, and from the work which he was called to fulfil. Yet the greatness of his personal character is quite as remarkable as the greatness of his place and his work. His image not only stands in a prominent position, and on a lofty pedestal, but it stands there in colossal proportions, and with an aspect of indescribable majesty.

The greatness which marks his character is not that "of this world, or of the princes of this world, which come to nought," but the greatness of the kingdom of God. "The man Moses was very meek, above all the men that were upon the face of the earth." There is an utter absence of the spirit of one "who exalteth himself," of those qualities which the world associates with the idea of a great man, and on which the Gospel pours contempt. Pride, ambition, the love of glory, jealousy of personal reputation, and all the eager and angry feelings, which betray the real state of the self-seeking heart, appear to be annihilated, even amid the greatest successes which might have nourished their growth, and the greatest provocations which might have elicited their display. A profound impression is made upon us, as we follow his course, that he is in spirit, as well as in name, "the servant of the Lord;" that he is seeking not his own things, but the things of God—not his own glory, but the glory of God. Here, in fact, lies the difference which all must feel to exist between the great men of the Bible and the great men of the world. With the latter, self is the moving principle; What shall I have? What shall I accomplish? What will be said and thought of me? In the former, self seems mortified; they act, they speak, they feel, as mere agents and instruments of God; and in this their greatness consists, for there is no other true greatness for a creature. How noble is the career of one who moves on in an "earnest expectation and a hope, that in nothing he shall be ashamed; but that always Christ shall be magnified in his body, whether it be by life or by death!"

Perhaps we never so well appreciate the excellencies of a matured character, as when we have

had the opportunity of observing it in some less perfect stage of advancement, and are thus qualified to estimate the work of divine grace by our knowledge of the errors which it has corrected, and of the deficiencies which it has supplied. In the case of Moses, the history gives us a glance of his earlier life, which, though short, is sufficient for the purpose. It is the same man whom we see at the end of the forty years in Egypt, and of the forty years in the wilderness—the same, but yet how different! We see the same choice and purpose of heart, the same fundamental principles and sympathies; but at the later period we see that the character is disciplined, elevated, sanctified, and purified from the alloy of original infirmities; the God of all grace, who has called the man to the great work which he fulfils, after that he has "suffered awhile, has made him perfect, established strengthened, settled him."

The first public appearance of Moses is so briefly related, that we should be in danger of missing its significance, but for the comments of later writers "When he was grown, he went out to see his brethren, and looked on their burdens." We are taught, by those best able to inform us, that we are to regard this step as the open declaration of a deliberate choice, and the intended commencement of a great undertaking. When he was full forty years old, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and mighty in word and deed, he chose his part in life; "he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward." His visit to his brethren was, therefore, an announcement of his resolution to cast off his Egyptian character and connections, and to take his place as one of the oppressed serfs, on the ground of their adoption by the God of heaven, and of the spiritual promises assured to their race. Still further; we learn from Stephen, that he had already conceived an idea of his own destiny as their deliverer, and that he presented himself to them in prosecution of the undertaking; "He supposed his brethren would have understood how that God by his hand would deliver them." If so, he must have understood it himself; some "prophecies must have gone before on him," some indications of the divine purpose, probably at the time of his birth; on which supposition the faith of his parents, so strongly noticed, is at once explained: "By faith they hid him three months, because they saw he was a proper child." His unusual beauty could be no ground for faith, unless some reason existed in their minds for connecting the extraordinary appearance of the child with some promise and purpose of God, on which that faith might fasten. But, however the idea arose, it is plain that it had taken possession of the mind of Moses, and that he expected to find it admitted by his people. In that expectation he was disappointed, and bitter disappointment it was. He fled to the wilderness, and resigned himself for the rest of his days to the solitary habits of a Midianite shepherd; not so much, probably, from fear of Pharaoh, as from that revulsion of feeling which he experienced in finding the people of God stupefied, degraded, and insensible to their high character, and from his despair of communicating to them those ideas and hopes for which he had himself sacrificed all his earthly prospects. That this was the real state of his

mind, we see plainly in the reply which he made when, after forty years, he received his commission from God; this is the secret of his strange reluctance, his obstinate despondency. He does not plead the power and cruelty of Pharaoh, but dwells on the hopelessness of all appeals to his people. "They will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice; for they will say, The Lord hath not appeared unto thee;" and on this account he dwells so much on his supposed want of the gift of eloquence, from which he had "heretofore" failed to move those dull and stubborn hearts. When the first attempt of Moses is thus understood, it seems to me that a strong light is thrown upon the progress of his character, in the time which intervenes before his second appearance. We may compare what he was when it pleased God to call him to His work, with what he was when he rushed into it on the motion of his own mind. Even then there was the same bent of mind which we recognize afterwards—the same spiritual judgment choosing the reproach of Christ before the treasures in Egypt—the same love for his brethren, the children of Israel—the same self-devotion to the objects which he undertook. When he would rebuke the unworthy dissensions of his brethren, we see the spirit of the future ruler of Israel—when he flies to the rescue of the injured bondsman, or protects the Midianite maidens from the rude insolence of the shepherds, we see the spirit of him who fearlessly confronted Pharaoh as the champion and deliverer of an oppressed nation. But, on the other hand, there is an appearance of hastiness and heat of spirit, and of that wrath of man which worketh not the righteousness of God. The man who was very meek, and illustrious for the government of his spirit, begins his career as a deliverer by a deed of violence, committed under sudden impulse; and is seen hiding the body of one whom he has killed, to avoid the consequence of an act which even worldly prudence would have forbidden. The man who, in the end, never moves but on the direction of God, and in dependence on Him, is seen to attempt the great undertaking without a call, or any consultation with the Most High, expecting success, as it seems, from his own powers and exertions. The man who is now a miracle of patience and enduring perseverance, exhibits in the first instance a striking spectacle of the effects of a hasty spirit, in the sudden and entire abandonment, not only of his endeavors, but of his hopes, when his first effort was vain, and his first expectation disappointed.

Who, then, shall count as lost time those forty years in the wilderness, or doubt the exercises of mind and inward discipline, through which, during that time, the Spirit of God was leading him, while removing so completely the obvious infirmities of natural character, and producing a spirit so singularly mortified, and therefore so singularly fitted for his great achievements? Or who, after such an example, can doubt the providential wisdom of those mysterious dispensations (as they are often called) by which men, "mighty in word and in deed," are often removed from scenes of supposed usefulness, or shrouded in a compulsory retirement? It was well, no doubt, for St. Paul, when "increasing in strength," and in the first fervor of his conversion, to cease from "confounding the Jews," and to spend years, of which history has no achievements to relate, in Tarsus and Arabia; it was well for him afterwards that the course of his toiling life was interrupted by imprisonment at Caesarea, and

confinement at Rome. Perhaps the interval of solitude and the desert place are more especially needed by the men of fervor and action, of strong will and vehement spirit. Such was the great Law-giver, no less than the great Apostle; and that this is the true account of his natural temper and constitution, appears in those later days when all his impulses were remarkably governed and sanctified, as well as in that earlier time when they may be regarded as still undisciplined and unchastened. A single instance may suffice—"It came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing; and Moses' anger waxed hot." Any faithful man would have experienced astonishment, indignation, and grief; would have denounced the anger of God, would have destroyed the idol, and "executed judgment on the offenders"—but to "cast the two tables, written with the finger of God, out of his hands, and break them beneath the mount"—to "take the calf, and burn it with fire, and grind it to powder, and strew it upon the water, and make the children of Israel drink of it"—to cry to those who ranged themselves on the Lord's side, "Put every man his sword by his side, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor"—these are the actions, this is the language of a warm and vehement spirit, accustomed to feel strongly, and to express its feelings with irresistible energy. Examples, however, are superfluous, when the whole course of the story produces the same impression. No observant reader can fail to be struck with the vigorous action, the indomitable resolution, the passionate earnestness in supplication and intercession, the lofty energy in denunciation, the warm effusion of heart in exhortation and entreaty. It is necessary to notice these characteristics in order to estimate aright his meekness under marvellous provocations, and his apparent insensibility where only self was concerned. We see here, not the effect of feeble emotions and phlegmatic temperament, but the triumphs of divine grace in a man of strong feelings and of impetuous character; we see the noble and generous temper of a heart mortified to self, and living by the love of God.

Never, surely, was a spirit so tried as was his in the forty years of temptation and provocation. The treatment which he received from the low-minded and stiff-necked, the unreasonable and ungrateful people to whom his life was devoted, would infallibly have irritated the temper, if it had not broken the heart of one whose eye had been less single than his own, who had looked for his reward in any measure to man and to the world. He had to learn to stand as an object of popular fury, and to see his people "ready to stone him;" he had to hear himself again and again reproached for the deliverance of which he had been the minister; he had to bear repeated accusations of those very faults from which he was most conspicuously free—"Enviest thou for my sake?" he cries to Joshua; "would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His spirit upon them!" Yet this is the man who is accused by his own nearest relatives as wishing to restrain the authority of the prophetic office to himself, ("Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? hath he not spoken also by us?")—and again is charged, by the loud voice of rebellion, with ambitious usurpation, and lifting up himself above the people of the Lord, when all the congregation were holy, every one of them, and the Lord was among them. More painful still was the perpetual dis-

pointment which he experienced, in seeing the carnal mind and rebellious spirit of his people hold out against so many amazing displays of the goodness and the severity of God ; and bitter must have been the hour, when his cherished hope was broken on the edge of its expected fulfilment, and he had to turn reluctantly away from the promised land, and lead back the unbelieving nation to die in the wilderness. Once only under his long trial is he reported to have given way to personal irritation, instead of sanctifying the Lord before the eyes of the congregation ; and when, in consequence, his dearest earthly wish was denied him, the noble submission to a punishment, which he understood to be not only deserved by himself, but requisite for the glory of God, shows how far dearer to him was that glory than any earthly object of his own.

Entirely in accordance with all that had preceded is the close of this wonderful ministry. When the summons of departure reaches him, how characteristic is the reply ! Not a word about himself—the people of the Lord, the sheep which he has tended so long, engage all his thoughts ; he asks a successor to whom he may yield his charge, yet he proposes no one, and does not offer to have any hand in the appointment. " Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set a man over the congregation, that the people of the Lord be not as sheep which have not a shepherd." In the book of Deuteronomy we have the record of his parting work, the last efforts of his faithfulness and love. Modern criticism has assailed the authenticity of this book, and pronounced it a compilation of a later age ; but surely never was there a book which was more distinctly impressed with the character of the man to whom it is attributed. Everywhere we recognize the spirit of Moses, and the peculiar tone of feeling which would be awakened by the circumstances under which it purports to have been written. The dignified and uncompromising tone, the deep love for his people, the high views of their state and calling, as the peculiar treasure unto God, the kingdom of priests and the holy nation, the last laborious efforts to instil those views into their grosser hearts, the clear sense of the faults and dangers of their character, the solemnity of the warnings and denunciations, the tender appeals as of a father to the children who have grown up under his eye, the transitions from one kind of argument to another, the repetitions of the same exhortations and entreaties, heaven and earth called to witness that he has set before them life and death, blessing and cursing, and the unspeakable anxiety, everywhere apparent, to make a deep, and if possible an abiding, impression on their mind—all these things, and many others characteristic of the man, are at once so many evidences of the authenticity of the record, and so many developments of the spirit of its author.

The Book of Deuteronomy is full of striking utterances of heavenly wisdom and revelation of the knowledge of God ; but in its incidental character, as displaying the spirit of the man who speaks, and as presenting the mind of a minister of truth, and a shepherd of God's people, it has an additional interest of the highest kind. There, in the record of his own words, we see the portrait of one who, pre-eminently above other men, was " faithful to Him that appointed him in all his house." He had one idea, that he was set as a servant over the house of the living God ; he had one aim, to be faithful to Him that appointed him ; and in pursuance of this, every selfish, every secondary feeling seems to dis-

appear. " Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done"—these are the reigning, they seem to be almost the solitary, desires of his heart. This intense singleness of eye and simplicity of purpose is the secret of his superiority to all that tempts, to all that agitates the ordinary mind ; of that extraordinary dignity which appears in every word and action, and of that glory which still invests his name. With this lesson we retire from witnessing the wonderful circumstances of his end. Decay has not stolen over those powers which, by such singular grace, have been so simply consecrated to God ; " his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated ;" but the message has come to him, " Friend, come up higher." The charge has been addressed to Joshua, the last testimony, and last entreaties to the people ; the song and the prophetic blessing have been left for generations to come ; and, now, his work is done. He ascends the mountain. The greatest of human deliverers, law-givers, rulers, and teachers, disappears from the eyes of men, leaving behind him this lesson, that the only greatness of a servant is to be faithful to Him that appoints him, and the only glory of a creature is to live to the glory of God.

None may tell how he passed away, or in what spot, and by what hands, the earthly remains were laid. He is seen no more by mortal eyes, till that moment which gave an earnest and momentary glance of the kingdom of God coming in power. Then, with one companion, he appears in glory by the side of the eternal Son, and speaks of the decease to be accomplished at Jerusalem, which was the ground of his own salvation, the source of the grace bestowed on him, and the purchase of his everlasting glory. He appears, in order to bear witness to Him of whom he had testified so long before. The minister of the old dispensation gives place to the minister of the new. The servant retires before the Son ; and he who had prophetically transferred his followers to the teaching of the Messiah that was to come, saying, " Him shall ye hear," stands by while his own direction is repeated by the voice of God ; " This is my beloved Son, *hear Him.*" Then he vanished, and Jesus is found alone.

From the Spectator.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.*

TESTED by the title, this annual gift-book of Mr. Bartlett will hardly answer expectation. Jerusalem and surrounding places memorable in the Gospel narrative—the spots in Palestine distinguished by events in the career of the Apostles after the Resurrection—the missionary travels and course of Paul's celebrated voyage—are all visited, or at least seen (from the deck) by the travelling artist. But if the description does not want devotional feeling, it wants spiritual unction and sustained scriptural purpose. As natural philosophy in the Bridgewater Treatises was more conspicuous than natural theology, so the artist and lay traveller generally predominate in Mr. Bartlett's book. One thing, however, his narrative does—it strikingly brings out the activity, extent of labor, and influence of Paul in spreading Christianity ; the other Apostles seem nowhere in comparison.

* Footsteps of Our Lord and His Apostles, in Syria, Greece, and Italy ; a Succession of Visits to the Scenes of New Testament Narrative. By W. H. Bartlett, Author of "Walks about Jerusalem," "The Nile Boat," &c. Published by Hall and Virtue.

If we look at the work in another point of view, as the narrative of journeys with a definite object, which gives a unity of design and supplies a topic of interest when there is none in the scenery or incidents, this winter volume is deserving of praise much beyond that of a merely handsome gift-book. Mr. Bartlett combines in a singular degree the qualities of the traveller, the literary describer, and the pictorial artist. He can rough it when needs must, or make himself at home with any company he falls in with. He has a quick judicious eye to discern the characteristics of men and incidents; and that often tedious subject, the mere description of landscape, possesses interest in his hand, from the clearly defined images he presents to the mind. Hence, though books upon books have been written about the ground over which Mr. Bartlett travels, and in the narrative as well as the disquisitional form, there is attraction in his *Footsteps*. It is the result not of one journey but of several journeys. The first and most interesting narrates a vain attempt to reach Jerusalem some years ago, before steamers thronged the Levant, when Ibrahim Pacha was subduing Syria, and Lady Hester Stanhope was in the land of the living. The voyage from Alexandria to Jaffa was made in an Arab craft, without chart or compass; and the way was lost, not in the trackless ocean, but along the coast of Syria. When the travellers reached their destination, Ibrahim was in force at the town, bent upon chastising the mountaineers who had resisted his power; and, yielding to advice, Mr. Bartlett sailed away, not from the war, but from the marauders who follow in the wake of war; and visited, among other places, Lebanon, Baalbec, Damascus, (before the faithful were accustomed to the sight of the hat,) and Tarsus, "no mean city." Athens and Corinth, which seem to have been examined on another occasion, occupy a chapter by themselves. Jerusalem and its environs, the Jordan, Lake Tiberias, and the country which was more immediately the object of Christ's personal ministry, are the subject of another tour, whose starting-point was Constantinople. The voyage and shipwreck of the apostle Paul is a memoir rather than a narrative; the nautical proof being mainly taken from Mr. Smith's analysis of the course that must have been run. The subsequent journey to Rome is a narrative of the author's travels along the track of Paul.

The first section, which has the least to do with the ostensible purpose of the book, is the most interesting. Thanks to the less advanced state of mechanical civilization, there is more variety, story, and incident about it. In those days, the Turk was still "malignant and turbaned" in such strongholds of the faith as Aleppo and Damascus; the dread of Ibrahim might or might not restrain him from violence, but it had not broken his spirit, or made him spurn the fez. The normal state of Syria, such as that was and is, was dislocated by war and rumors of wars. Men travelling the same road kept more together, and got on as they might. All these things, however inconvenient to the sybarite traveller, are better for the reader; imparting life and adventure to occurrences. As a matter of convenience in moving freely about Damascus, Mr. Bartlett had changed his dress and adopted the costume of a rayah. He retained it afterwards for its comfort, till an adventure, while exploring and sketching the walls of Antioch, induced him to change it.

Leaving the town, we struck up through the gar-

dens to the slope of the hill, and, following the road to Aleppo, soon entered a wild ravine, enclosed within the walls, and which was formerly crossed by bridges, of which the foundations could still be traced. Then we shortly came upon perhaps the most surprising part of the ancient fortifications. The wall, descending steeply from the heights above, is built across the ravine, up from the very bottom, and then carried along the edge of a range of precipices to the opposite height, whence they descend in the same manner to join the wall along the river-side. Perhaps there is nothing in existence that gives so striking an impression as this of the *daring* genius of the Roman engineers, and of the style in which they were accustomed to treat obstacles apparently insuperable.

* * * * *

Of this chain of magnificent bulwarks, some had fallen in huge fragments around, overthrown probably by the earthquakes that have shaken the rocky soil; one or two were undermined and tottering; but the principal chain still remains in an excellent state of preservation. There was an interest in observing the similarity of construction to that of the Roman remains in England, the bricks being of the same shape, and disposed in layers, with stone-work between them, like those of St. Albans, Richborough, and Leicester; and in thus realizing the extent of that stupendous empire, which has left behind it such magnificent relics, from the banks of the Euphrates to the firths of Scotland.

I was for some time so absorbed in my occupation, as hardly to perceive that some Egyptian officers and soldiers, who seemed to have made a guard-house of one of the towers, were watching my operations with considerable interest, and, as I thought, some slight degree of mistrust; indeed, the sight of a turbaned rayah, as I appeared to be, alone, with an umbrella over his head, and a sketch-book on his knees, delineating the fortifications, was as suspicious as it no doubt was grotesque. They came up, saluted me, looked over my work, and, after some whispering together, took their leave. Having completed my sketch, I arose to return to the house; when two of the soldiers, placing their hands on my shoulders, urged me, as I imagined, to follow them to the guard-house in the tower, for the purpose of visiting the officers. As I had no time to spare for this purpose, I civilly shook myself clear of them, and retraced my steps towards the town. Still they continued to follow, and importune me to return to the tower; endeavoring to lay hold of me, and I thrusting them off from time to time with my umbrella. On receiving a rather smartish poke in the ribs, one of the fellows drew his sabre, and, suddenly sliding my arm within his own, hurried me rapidly forward through the streets, which we had just entered, past the house of Girgius, as far as a building which served for headquarters to the officers. While thus dragged ignominiously along unarmed, and unable to speak an intelligible word, I held out my hands pantomimically to the people about, imploring them to rescue me; but they only shook their heads and turned aside. I have often since rejoiced that I had not a pistol about me, as I might perhaps have done an act which would have at least occasioned me much regret, if it had not involved me in serious difficulty.

On entering the guard-room, the soldier thrust me up on a platform; where, upon cushions, were seated two Egyptian officers, smoking their pipes; while two or three attendants were standing around. Then, addressing himself to the principal, and pointing to me, he told his story; of which I could not, of course, comprehend a syllable, but which seemed to make a great impression upon the officer, who made signs to his attendants to seize me, and administer the bastinado. This cruel process consists in laying the sufferer flat on his face, raising and laying bare his feet, and bestowing upon his naked soles a number of stripes

proportioned to his supposed guilt. My blood boiled within me, but more from indignation than fear. I rushed up to the seat of the officer, drew forth my firman, and, shouting out the magic word "Inglèse!" almost thrust it into his bearded face. As he rapidly scanned its contents, his countenance became exceedingly blank, and he exchanged significant glances with his fellow-officer, as much as to say, "How very nearly we had committed ourselves with this dog of an infidel!" His face then became suddenly radiant with smiles, and he politely motioned me to take a seat by his side; but I could not digest my choler quite so suddenly, and, without returning his salute, moved off to the entrance. Yet his mind seemed not quite satisfied; for, following me to the door, he obtained, half by force and half by entreaty, a glimpse at the suspicious sketch-book, and then, courteously dismissing me, went back to his divan and his pipe.

From the *Athenaeum*.

Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Rattlesnake, commanded by the late Capt. Owen Stanley, R. N., F. R. S., &c., during the years 1846-50, including Discoveries and Surveys in New Guinea, &c., to which is added the Account of Mr. E. B. Kennedy's Expedition for the Exploration of the Cape York Peninsula. By JOHN MACGILLIVRAY, F. R. G. S., Naturalist to the Expedition. 2 vols. T. & W. Boone.

THESE two volumes are not to be hastily dismissed; being full of matter conveyed in the plain, manly language of one who has something to tell. They recall those earlier narratives of travelling adventure and discovery which rested their claim on the sights seen, the facts gleaned, and the sufferings endured by the voyager—not on his command over Emersonian profundity, nor on his jaunty use of that broken English by which strong-minded females or "lilies male" have fancied they could attest their familiarity with continental life and manners. Perils in strange seas—friendly meetings and quarrels with savages—the damage wrought by death among the small band of mariners—themes like these may well be subduers of all affection. Such are Mr. Macgillivray's topics.

We cannot undertake to offer an epitome of the events of the four years' voyage recounted by him; neither do we pretend here to sum up the additions thereby made to natural history, since they have been tabulated elsewhere. Having reminded our readers that the object of the Expedition was the geographical survey of the ocean-routes from Australia—that the Rattlesnake was accompanied by the Bramble and the Castlereagh, and the three set sail from Plymouth in the month of December, 1846—we shall further merely touch at a few insulated points. The first shall be the Mauritius:—

The extremes of the island are low, but the centre is occupied by the partially wooded, crest-like ridge, rugged and pinnacled, connecting La Pouce with the famous Peter Botte. Viewed in a mass, the country looked burnt up, of a dull yellowish red hue—the higher hills were dark green, and the lower grounds partially so. To the left was the fertile plain of Pam-pomousse, even now, in the beginning of winter, one mass of green of various degrees of intensity. As we approached we began to make out more distinctly the sugar plantations, the groves of cocoa-nut trees and casuarinas, the features of the town, and the dense mass of shipping in the harbor. We hove to

off the Bell Buoy, (denoting the outer anchorage,) for the steamer which towed us to our berth abreast of Cooper's Island. The harbor of Port Louis is of singular formation. It is entered by a narrow passage or break in the coral reef surrounding the island, leading into a large basin, the central portion only of which has sufficient water for shipping. The bottom is mud, which, they say, is fast accumulating, especially in a small bight called the Trou Fanfaron, where a few years ago a line-of-battle ship could float, but which has now scarcely water enough for a large corvette. The reefs about the entrance are nearly dry at low water, at which time one may wade to their outer margin, as is daily practised by hundreds of fishermen. Passing through the closely packed lines of shipping, and landing as a stranger at Port Louis, perhaps the first thing to engage attention is the strange mixture of nations—representatives, he might at first be inclined to imagine, of half the countries of the earth. He stares at Coole from Madras with a breech cloth and soldier's jacket, or a stately bearded Moor, striking a bargain with a Parsee merchant; a Chinaman, with two bundles slung on a bamboo, hurries past, jostling a group of young Creole exquisites smoking their cheroots at a corner, and talking of last night's Norma, or the programme of the evening's performance at the Hippodrome in the Champs de Mars; his eye next catches a couple of sailors reeling out of a grogshop, to the amusement of a group of laughing negresses in white muslin dresses of the latest Parisian fashion, contrasting strongly with a modestly attired Cingalese woman, and an Indian ayah with her young charge. Amidst all this the French language prevails; everything more or less pertains of the French character, and an Englishman can scarcely believe that he is in one of the colonies of his own country.

Hobart Town was reached on the 24th of June, 1847—at which date the serious business of the Expedition may be said to have commenced. Such business seems in these latitudes to be made all the more serious by the unpromising quality of the aboriginal inhabitants. Taken as a mass, they appear to stand lower in the scale of morals than most other wild groups. Missionary labor is said to make little or no impression on them; while from time to time they are exposed to the more congenial teaching of runaway convicts, calculated to brutalize them with most dangerous insidiousness—that, namely, which associates in their minds the idea of superlative craft and wickedness as connected with the white man. Yet, of course, there are exceptions to this dark and discouraging picture:—

Many of the Port Essington natives have shown a remarkable degree of intelligence, far above the average of Europeans, uneducated, and living in remote districts—among others, I may mention the name of Neimnal, (the same alluded to in the preceding paragraph,) of whose character I had good opportunities of judging, for he lived with me for ten months. During my stay at Port Essington, he became much attached to me, and latterly accompanied me in all my wanderings in the bush, while investigating the natural history of the district, following up the researches of my late and much lamented friend Gilbert. One day, while detained by rainy weather at my camp, I was busy in skinning a fish—Neimnal watched me attentively for some time and then withdrew, but returned in half an hour afterwards, with the skin of another fish in his hand, prepared by himself, and so well done, too, that it was added to the collection. I could give many other instances of his sagacity, his docility, and even his acute perception of character—latterly, he seemed even to read my

very thoughts. He accompanied me in the Fly to Torres Strait and New Guinea, and, on our return to Port Essington, begged so hard to continue with me that I could not refuse him. He went with us to Singapore, Java, and Sydney, and from his great good humor became a favorite with all on board, picking up the English language with facility, and readily conforming himself to our habits, and the discipline of the ship. He was very cleanly in his personal habits, and paid much attention to his dress, which was always kept neat and tidy. I was often very much amused and surprised by the oddity and justness of his remarks upon the many strange sights which a voyage of this kind brought before him. The Nemesis steamer under weigh puzzled him at first—he then thought it was “all same big cart, only got him shingles on wheels!” He always expressed great contempt for the dullness of comprehension of his countrymen ; “big fools they,” he used often to say, “black fellow no good.” Even Malays, Chinamen, and the natives of India he counted as nothing in his increasing admiration of Europeans, until he saw some sepoys, when he altered his opinion a little, and thought that he too, if only big enough, would like to be a soldier. The poor fellow suffered much from cold during the passage round Cape Leeuwin, and was ill when landed at Sydney, but soon recovered. Although his thoughts were always centred in his native home, and a girl to whom he was much attached, he yet volunteered to accompany me to England, when the Fly was about to sail, but as I had then no immediate prospect of returning to Australia, I could not undertake the responsibility of having to provide for him for the future. I was glad then when Lieut. Yule, who was about to revisit Port Essington, generously offered to take him there ; while in the Bramble he made himself useful in assisting the steward, and, under the tuition of Dr. MacClatchie, made some proficiency in acquiring the rudiments of reading and writing. At Port Essington the older members of his family evinced much jealousy on account of the attention shown him, and his determination to remain with Mr. Tilston, the assistant-surgeon, then in charge, and endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. While upon a visit to his tribe he met his death in the manner already recorded. His natural courage and presence of mind did not desert him even at the last extremity, when he was aroused from sleep to find himself surrounded by a host of savages thirsting for his blood. They told him to rise, but he merely raised himself upon his elbow, and said—“If you want to kill me do so where I am ; I won’t get up—give me a spear and a club, and I’ll fight you all one by one!” He had scarcely spoken when a man named Alerk speared him from behind ; spear after spear followed, and as he lay writhing on the ground his savage murderers literally dashed him to pieces with their clubs. The account of the manner in which Neinimal met his death was given me by a very intelligent native who had it from an eye-witness, and I have every reason to believe it true, corroborated as it was by the testimony of others.

At Cape York, Mr. Macgillivray says :—

A startling incident occurred to break the monotony of our stay. In the afternoon some of our people on shore were surprised to see a young white woman come up to claim their protection from a party of natives, from whom she had recently made her escape, and who, she thought, would otherwise bring her back. Of course she received every attention, and was taken on board the ship by the first boat, when she told her story, which is briefly as follows. Her name is Barbara Thompson ; she was born at Aberdeen, in Scotland, and, along with her parents, emigrated to New South Wales. About four years and a half ago she left Moreton Bay with her husband in a small cutter, (called the America,) of which he was

owner, for the purpose of picking up some of the oil from the wreck of a whaler, lost on the Bampton Shoal, to which place one of her late crew undertook to guide them ; their ultimate intention was to go to Port Essington. The man who acted as pilot was unable to find the wreck, and after much quarrelling on board, in consequence, and the loss of two men by drowning, and of another who was left upon a small uninhabited island, they made their way up to Torres Strait, where, during a gale of wind, their vessel struck upon a reef on the eastern Prince of Wales Island. The two remaining men were lost in attempting to swim on shore through the surf, but the woman was afterwards rescued by a party of natives on a tortoise excursion, who, when the gale subsided, swam on board, and supported her on shore between two of their number. One of these blacks, Boroto by name, took possession of the woman as his share of the plunder ; she was compelled to live with him, but she was well treated by all the men, although many of the women, jealous of the attention shown her, for a long time evinced anything but kindness. A curious circumstance secured for her the protection of one of the principal men of the tribe, a party from which had been the fortunate means of rescuing her, and which she afterwards found to be the Kowrārēga, chiefly inhabiting Mūralug, or the western Prince of Wales Island. This person, named Piaquai, acting upon the belief (universal throughout Australia and the islands of Torres Strait so far as hitherto known) that white people are the ghosts of the aborigines, fancied that in the stranger he recognized a long-lost daughter of the name of Gi’om, and at once admitted her to the relationship which he thought had formerly subsisted between them ; she was immediately acknowledged by the whole tribe as one of themselves, thus ensuring an extensive connexion in relatives of all denominations. From the head-quarters of the tribe with which Gi’om thus became associated being upon an island which all vessels passing through Torres Strait from the eastward must approach within two or three miles, she had the mortification of seeing from twenty to thirty or more ships go through every summer without anchoring in the neighborhood, so as to afford the slightest opportunity of making her escape. Last year she heard of our two vessels (described as two war canoes, a big and a little one) being at Cape York—only twenty miles distant—from some of the tribe who had communicated with us and been well treated ; but they would not take her over, and even watched her more narrowly than before. On our second and present visit, however, which the Cape York people immediately announced by smoke signals to their friends in Mūralug, she was successful in persuading some of her more immediate friends to bring her across to the main land within a short distance of where the vessels lay. The blacks were credulous enough to believe that “as she had been so long with them, and had been so well treated, she did not intend to leave them—only she felt a strong desire to see the white people once more and shake hands with them ;” adding that she would be certain to procure some axes, knives, tobacco, and other much-prized articles. This appeal to their cupidity decided the question at once. After landing at the sandy bay on the western side of Cape York, she hurried across to Evan’s Bay, as quickly as her lameness would allow, fearful that the blacks might change their mind ; and well it was that she did so, as a small party of men followed to detain her, but arrived too late. Three of these people were brought on board at her own request, and as they had been instrumental in saving her from the wreck, they were presented with an axe apiece, and other presents. Upon being asked by Captain Stanley whether she really preferred remaining with us to accompanying the natives back to their island, as she would be allowed her free choice in the matter, she was so

much agitated as to find difficulty in expressing her thankfulness, making use of scraps of English alternately with the Kowrarega language, and then suddenly awaking to the recollection that she was not understood, the poor creature blushed all over, and, with downcast eyes, beat her forehead with her hand, as if to assist in collecting her scattered thoughts. At length, after a pause, she found words to say—“Sir, I am a Christian, and would rather go back to my own friends.” At the same time it was remarked by every one that she had not lost the feelings of womanly modesty—even after having lived so long among native blacks; she seemed acutely to feel the singularity of her position—dressed only in a couple of shirts, in the midst of a crowd of her own countrymen. When first seen on shore our new shipmate presented so dirty and wretched an appearance that some people who were out shooting at first mistook her for a *gin*, and were passing by without taking further notice, when she called out to them in English, “I am a white woman; why do you leave me?” With the exception of a narrow fringe of leaves in front, she wore no clothing, and her skin was tanned and blistered with the sun, and showed the marks of several large burns which had been received from sleeping too near the fire on cold nights; besides, she was suffering from ophthalmia, which had previously deprived her of the sight of one eye. But good living, and every comfort (for Captain Stanley kindly provided her with a cabin and a seat at his table) combined with medical attention, very soon restored her health, and she was eventually handed over to her parents in Sydney in excellent condition.

Light was thrown on the ways and wishes of these wild human creatures by Mrs. Thomson. Though an illiterate person, according to our narrator, she could tell what she had seen; and, having never wholly lost her self-respect, had acquired a certain popularity and influence among the blacks. She had also been courted to become the Queen-Consort of Wini;—one of those white fiends of whom mention has been made. This man “had reached Mulgrave Island, in a boat, after having, by his own account, killed his companions, some three or four in number,” and had established himself as a celebrity among the Badú—partly by cunning, partly by unceremoniously “procuring the death of his principal enemies:”—

Wini’s character appears from the accounts I have heard—for others corroborated part of Gi’om’s statement—to be a compound of villainy and cunning, in addition to the ferocity and headstrong passions of a thorough savage—it strikes me that he must have been a runaway convict, probably from Norfolk Island. It is fortunate that his sphere of mischief is so limited, for a more dangerous ruffian could not easily be found. As matters stand at present, it is probable that not only during his life, but for years afterwards, every European who falls into the hands of the Badú people will meet with certain death.

Since we have accidentally got into the vein of telling black stories, we will make room for yet another picture, taken at Cape York; and, with it, conclude our extracts for the week:—

One evening I was asked to join a party made up for the purpose of witnessing a native dance. Many strange blacks were then encamped on the margin of the beach, and altogether about 150 people belonging to four or five tribes had collected. Not being apprised of our coming they showed much surprise and suspicion at our landing after dark, but, with some trouble, a number were induced by the promise of a quantity of biscuit to get up a dance round a large fire on the sand to the music of a drum which we had

taken with us to announce our approach. The dance, after all, was a very poor affair—none of the performers were painted and decorated, there was little scenic effect, and they seemed glad when it was over. The bag containing the promised biscuit was most injudiciously handed over to an old woman named Baki, or “queena woman Baki,” as some one had taught her to call herself, for distribution among the party. She doled out a few handfuls to some women and children who had not been at all concerned in the matter, and would have marched off with the remainder had she not been prevented. The appointment of a woman to this office gave great offence to the men who had been dancing, while not one among them would have scrupled forcibly to deprive her of the whole on the very first opportunity, yet every man there scorned the idea of having to ask a woman for anything—the consequence was that the performers were not rewarded, and naturally imagined that we had broken faith with them. The discontent increased; some of the men left in a state of great excitement, and went for their spears and throwing-sticks. One or two rockets were sent up soon after to amuse them, on which the few remaining women and children hurried to their sheds of bark and hid their faces in terror. When the blue light was burned, and lit up the gloomy shadows of the neighboring bush, it disclosed the spectral figures of many armed men among the trees, singly and in groups, intently watching our motions. Paida, who, with other native allies of ours, still remained with us, was very urgent for us to be off, telling me that spears would be thrown immediately (*kaibü kalaka mûro*); being a *kotaig* of mine, he considered himself bound to attend to my safety, so conducted me to the boat, which he assisted in shoving off, nor did he retire from the beach until we had got into deep water.

The death of Captain Stanley is fresh in the memory of most geographical readers, as having taken place in March, 1850. “It was originally intended,” says the Preface, “that the narrative of the Rattlesnake’s voyage should be written conjointly by that lamented officer and our author; but the purpose could not be wrought out under the circumstances.” Ere we take leave of Mr. Macgillivray’s share in the volumes before us, let us state that our extracts in no degree represent the variety of information collected by him—which is considerable. We shall return, however, to this work, for the sake of its appendical matter; the account of Mr. Kennedy’s disastrous exploring expedition. This is so replete with interest—of the saddest conceivable kind—that it claims to be set apart for a separate article.

THE CONVICT HUTS IN CAYENNE.—The *Courrier de la Gironde* says:—“The construction of the wooden huts for Cayenne required more time than was expected. The delivery of the first batch, twenty-two in number, was to have been effected on the 26th of January, but, notwithstanding all the exertions of the contractors, it was found impossible to succeed. Each hut is of a large size, with two doors and two windows, and is made for twenty-five men. The roof is, of course, tarpaulin. M. M. Bourges and Vergis, the contractors, hope to be able to deliver eighty huts for twenty-five beds, and four for fifty beds, by the end of February.”

The *Jersey Chronicle* is prohibited from entering France. A copy of that journal was seized in the French post-office last week, and returned to the publisher, with the word *prohibé* written on the address. In order that the Jersey journalist should not mistake why the paper was returned, the French post-office authorities translated *prohibé* by writing the word “forbide” on the address.

Observations on the Genus Unio, &c. Vol. IV. By Isaac Lea.

It is pleasant, amidst all the material activity of the United States, to find ourselves ever and anon called on to bear testimony to the love of nature, truth, and beauty, which there develops itself. In Mr. Lea's book we have descriptions and drawings of shells, originally published in the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society," which would have done honor to any of the scientific societies of Europe. Such works can be of interest only to the professed conchologist ;—but in his hands they become treasures of facts by which he works out the great laws of morphology regulating the animal forms that he more particularly studies. The shells described in this volume are for the most part American, and from fresh water ; and indicate how large a field for natural history inquiry the vast continent of America still presents.—*Athenaeum.*

The Swedish Academy has selected Professor Haggberg, the translator of Shakespeare, to the membership vacated by the decease of Bishop Kullberg. The great prize of the Academy has this year been conferred on a poem entitled "Regner Lodbrok," written by Thekla Knös, a daughter of the late Professor Knös.

The lovers of northern literature will be delighted to hear that the great Icelandic English Dictionary of our late distinguished countryman, Mr. Cleasby, who had devoted many years and much research to its completion, is now nearly ready for the press ; the late Mr. Cleasby's MS. collections having been arranged and copied for this purpose by another distinguished Icelandic scholar, Hector Konrad Gislason, author of the great Danish Icelandic Lexicon.—*Copenhagen Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*

MY NOVEL ; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BOOK IX. CONTINUED.—CHAPTER IX.

WITH a slow step and an abstracted air, Harley L'Estrange bent his way towards Egerton's house, after his eventful interview with Helen. He had just entered one of the streets leading into Grosvenor Square, when a young man, walking quickly from the opposite direction, came full against him, and, drawing back with a brief apology, recognized him, and exclaimed, "What ! you in England, Lord L'Estrange ? Accept my congratulations on your return. But you seem scarcely to remember me."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Leslie. I remember you now by your smile ; but you are of an age in which it is permitted me to say that you look older than when I saw you last."

"And yet, Lord L'Estrange, it seems to me that you look younger."

Indeed, this reply was so far true that there appeared less difference of years than before between Leslie and L'Estrange ; for the wrinkles in the schemer's mind were visible in his visage, while Harley's dreamy worship of Truth and Beauty seemed to have preserved to the votary the enduring youth of the divinities.

Harley received the compliment with a supreme indifference, which might have been suitable to a Stoic, but which seemed scarcely natural to a gentleman who had just proposed to a lady many years younger than himself.

Leslie renewed—"Perhaps you are on your way to Mr. Egerton's. If so, you will not find him at home ; he is at his office."

"Thank you. Then to his office I must re-direct my steps."

"I am going to him myself," said Randal hesitatingly.

L'Estrange had no prepossessions in favor of Leslie, from the little he had seen of that young gentleman ; but Randal's remark was an appeal to his habitual urbanity, and he replied with well-bred readiness, "Let us be companions so far."

Randal accepted the arm proffered to him : and Lord L'Estrange, as is usual with one long absent from his native land, bore part as a questioner in the dialogue that ensued.

"Egerton is always the same man, I suppose—too busy for illness, and too firm for sorrow !"

"If he ever feel either, he will never stoop to complain. But indeed, my dear lord, I should like much to know what you think of his health."

"How ? You alarm me !"

"Nay, I did not mean to do that ; and, pray, do not let him know that I went so far. But I have fancied that he looks a little worn, and suffering."

"Poor Audley!" said L'Estrange in a tone of deep affection. "I will sound him, and, be assured, without naming you ; for I know well how little he likes to be supposed capable of human infirmity. I am obliged to you for your hint—obliged to you for your interest in one so dear to me."

And Harley's voice was more cordial to Randal than it had ever been before. He then began to inquire what Randal thought of the rumors that had reached himself as to the probable defeat of the government, and how far Audley's spirits were affected by such risks. But Randal here, seeing that Harley could communicate nothing, was reserved and guarded.

"Loss of office could not, I think, affect a man like Audley," observed Lord L'Estrange. "He would be as great in opposition—perhaps greater ; and as to emoluments"—

"The emoluments are good," interposed Randal with a half sigh.

"Good enough, I suppose, to pay him back about a tenth of what his place costs our magnificent friend. No, I will say one thing for English statesmen, no man amongst them ever yet was the richer for place."

"And Mr. Egerton's private fortune must be large, I take for granted," said Randal carelessly.

"It ought to be, if he has time to look to it."

Here they passed by the hotel in which lodged the Count di Peschiera.

Randal stopped. "Will you excuse me for an instant ? As we are passing this hotel, I will just leave my card here." So saying, he gave his card to a waiter lounging by the door. "For the Count di Peschiera," said he aloud.

L'Estrange started ; and as Randal again took his arm, said—

"So that Italian lodges here ! and you know him ?"

"I know him but slightly, as one knows any foreigner who makes a sensation."

"He makes a sensation ?"

"Naturally ; for he is very handsome, witty, and said to be very rich—that is, as long as he receives the revenues of his exiled kinsman."

"I see you are well informed, Mr. Leslie.

And what is supposed to bring hither the Count di Peschiera?"

"I did hear something, which I did not quite understand, about a bet of his that he would marry his kinsman's daughter; and so, I conclude, secure to himself all the inheritance; and that he is therefore here to discover the kinsman and win the heiress. But probably you know the rights of the story, and can tell me what credit to give to such gossip."

"I know this, at least, that if he did lay such a wager, I would advise you to take any odds against him that his backers may give," said L'Estrange drily; and while his lip quivered with anger, his eye gleamed with arch-ironical humor.

"You think, then, that this poor kinsman will not need such an alliance in order to regain his estates?"

"Yes; for I never yet knew a rogue whom I would not bet against, when he backed his own luck as a rogue against Justice and Providence."

Randal winced, and felt as if an arrow had grazed his heart; but he soon recovered.

"And, indeed, there is another vague rumor that the young lady in question is married already—to some Englishman."

This time it was Harley who winced. "Good heavens! that cannot be true—that would undo all! An Englishman just at this moment! But some Englishman of correspondent rank, I trust, or at least one known for opinions opposed to what an Austrian would call revolutionary doctrines!"

"I know nothing. But it was supposed, merely a private gentleman of good family. Would not that suffice? Can the Austrian court dictate a marriage to the daughter as a condition for grace to the father?"

"No—not that!" said Harley, greatly disturbed. "But put yourself in the position of any minister to one of the great European monarchies. Suppose a political insurgent, formidable for station and wealth, had been proscribed, much interest made on his behalf, a powerful party striving against it, and just when the minister is disposed to relent, he hears that the heiress to this wealth and this station is married to the native of a country in which sentiments friendly to the very opinions for which the insurgent was proscribed are popularly entertained, and thus that the fortune to be restored may be so employed as to disturb the national security—the existing order of things;—this, too, at the very time when a popular revolution has just occurred in France,* and its effects are felt most in the very land of the exile:—suppose all this, and then say if anything could be more untoward for the hopes of the banished man, or furnish his adversaries with stronger arguments against the restoration of his fortune? But pshaw—this must be a chimera! If true, I should have known of it."

"I quite agree with your lordship—there can be no truth in such a rumor. Some Englishman, hearing, perhaps, of the probable pardon of the exile, may have counted on an heiress, and spread the report in order to keep off other candidates. By your account, if successful in his suit, he might fail to find an heiress in the bride!"

"No doubt of that. Whatever might be ar-

* As there have been so many revolutions in France, it may be convenient to suggest that, according to the dates of this story, Harley no doubt alludes to that revolution which exiled Charles X. and placed Louis Philippe on the throne.

ranged, I can't conceive that he would be allowed to get at the fortune, though it might be held in suspense for his children. But, indeed, it so rarely happens that an Italian girl of high name marries a foreigner, that we must dismiss this notion with a smile at the long face of the hypothetical fortune-hunter. Heaven help him, if he exist!"

"Amen," echoed Randal devoutly.

"I hear that Peschiera's sister is returned to England. Do you know her too?"

"A little."

"My dear Mr. Leslie, pardon me if I take a liberty not warranted by our acquaintance. Against the lady I say nothing. Indeed, I have heard some things which appear to entitle her to compassion and respect. But as to Peschiera, all who prize honor suspect him to be a knave—I know him to be one. Now, I think that the longer we preserve that abhorrence for knavery which is the generous instinct of youth, why, the fairer will be our manhood, and the more reverend our age. You agree with me?" And Harley suddenly turning, his eyes fell like a flood of light upon Randal's pale and secret countenance.

"To be sure," murmured the schemer.

Harley surveying him, mechanically recoiled, and withdrew his arm.

Fortunately for Randal, who somehow or other felt himself slipped into a false position, he scarcely knew how or why, he was here seized by the arm; and a clear, open, manly voice cried, "My dear fellow, how are you? I see you are engaged now; but look into my rooms when you can, in the course of the day."

And with a bow of excuse for his interruption, to Lord L'Estrange, the speaker was then turning away, when Harley said—

"No, don't let me take you from your friend, Mr. Leslie. And you need not be in a hurry to see Egerton; for I shall claim the privilege of older friendship for the first interview."

"It is Mr. Egerton's nephew, Frank Hazel-dean."

"Pray, call him back, and present me to him. He has a face that would have gone far to reconcile Timon to Athens."

Randal obeyed; and, after a few kindly words to Frank, Harley insisted on leaving the two young men together, and walked on to Downing Street with a brisker step.

CHAPTER X.

"THAT Lord L'Estrange seems a very good fellow."

"So-so;—an effeminate humorist;—says the most absurd things, and fancies them wise. Never mind him. You wanted to speak to me, Frank?"

"Yes; I am so obliged to you for introducing me to Levy. I must tell you how handsomely he has behaved."

"Stop; allow me to remind you that I did not introduce you to Levy; you had met him before at Borrowell's, if I recollect right, and he dined with us at the Clarendon—that is all I had to do with bringing you together. Indeed, I rather cautioned you against him than not. Pray don't think I introduced you to a man who, however pleasant, and perhaps honest, is still a money-lender. Your father would be justly angry with me if I had done so."

"Oh, pooh! you are prejudiced against poor Levy. But just hear; I was sitting very ruefully, thinking over those cursed bills, and how the deuce

I should renew them, when Levy walked into my rooms; and, after telling me of his long friendship for my uncle Egerton, and his admiration for yourself, and (give me your hand, Randal) saying how touched he felt by your kind sympathy in my troubles, he opened his pocket-book, and showed me the bills safe and sound in his own possession."

"How?"

"He had bought them up. 'It must be so disagreeable to me,' he said, 'to have them flying about the London money-market, and these Jews would be sure sooner or later to apply to my father. And now,' added Levy, 'I am in no immediate hurry for the money, and we must put the interest upon fairer terms.' In short, nothing could be more liberal than his tone. And he says, 'he is thinking of a way to relieve me altogether, and will call about it in a few days, when his plan is matured.' After all, I must owe this to you, Randal. I dare swear you put it into his head."

"O no, indeed! On the contrary, I still say, 'Be cautious in all your dealings with Levy.' I don't know, I'm sure, what he means to propose. Have you heard from the Hall lately?"

"Yes—to-day. Only think—the Riccabocca have disappeared. My mother writes me word of it—a very odd letter. She seems to suspect that I know where they are, and reproaches me for 'mystery'—quite enigmatical. But there is one sentence in her letter—see, here it is in the postscript—which seems to refer to Beatrice: 'I don't ask you to tell me your secrets, Frank, but Randal will no doubt have assured you that my first consideration will be for your own happiness, in any matter in which your heart is really engaged.'"

"Yes," said Randal, slowly; "no doubt this refers to Beatrice; but, as I told you, your mother will not interfere one way or the other—such interference would weaken her influence with the squire. Besides, as she said, she can't wish you to marry a foreigner; though once married, she would—But how do you stand now with the Marchesa? Has she consented to accept you?"

"Not quite; indeed, I have not actually proposed. Her manner, though much softened, has not so far emboldened me; and, besides, before a positive declaration, I certainly must go down to the Hall and speak at least to my mother."

"You must judge for yourself, but don't do anything rash; talk first to me. Here we are at my office. Good-by; and—and pray believe that, in whatever you do with Levy, I have no hand in it."

CHAPTER XI.

TOWARDS the evening, Randal was riding fast on the road to Norwood. The arrival of Harley, and the conversation that had passed between that nobleman and Randal, made the latter anxious to ascertain how far Riccabocca was likely to learn L'Estrange's return to England, and to meet with him. For he felt that, should the latter come to know that Riccabocca, in his movements, had gone by Randal's advice, Harley would find that Randal had spoken to him disingenuously; and, on the other hand, Riccabocca, placed under the friendly protection of Lord L'Estrange, would no longer need Randal Leslie to defend him from the machinations of Peschiera. To a reader happily unaccustomed to dive into the deep and maze recesses of a schemer's mind, it might seem that Randal's interest in retaining a hold over the exile's confidence would terminate with the assurances that had reached him, from more than one quarter, that Violante

might cease to be an heiress if she married himself. "But perhaps," suggests some candid and youthful conjecturer—"perhaps Randal Leslie is in love with this fair creature!" Randal in love!—no! He was too absorbed by harder passions for that blissful folly. Nor, if he could have fallen in love, was Violante the one to attract that sullen, secret heart; her instinctive nobleness, the very stateliness of her beauty, womanlike though it was, wed him. Men of that kind may love some soft slave—they cannot lift their eyes to a queen. They may look down—they cannot look up. But, on the one hand, Randal could not resign altogether the chance of securing a fortune that would realize his most dazzling dreams, upon the mere assurance, however probable, which had so dismayed him; and, on the other hand, should he be compelled to relinquish all idea of such alliance, though he did not contemplate the base perfidy of actually assisting Peschiera's avowed designs, still, if Frank's marriage with Beatrice should absolutely depend upon her brother's obtaining the knowledge of Violante's retreat, and that marriage should be as conducive to his interests as he thought he could make it, why—he did not then push his deductions farther, even to himself—they seemed too black; but he sighed heavily, and that sigh foreboded how weak would be honor and virtue against avarice and ambition. Therefore, on all accounts, Riccabocca was one of those cards in a sequence, which so calculating a player would not throw out of his hand; it might serve for repique at the worst—it might score well in the game. Intimacy with the Italian was still part and parcel in that knowledge which was the synonym of power.

While the young man was thus meditating, on his road to Norwood, Riccabocca and his Jemima were close conferring in their drawing-room. And if you could have there seen them, reader, you would have been seized with equal surprise and curiosity; for some extraordinary communication had certainly passed between them. Riccabocca was evidently much agitated, and with emotions not familiar to him. The tears stood in his eyes at the same time that a smile, the reverse of cynical or sardonic, curved his lips; while his wife was leaning her head on his shoulder, her hand clasped in his, and, by the expression of her face, you might guess that he had paid her some very gratifying compliment, of a nature more genuine and sincere than those which characterized his habitual hollow and dissimulating gallantry. But just at this moment Giacomo entered, and Jemima, with her native English modesty, withdrew in haste from Riccabocca's sheltering side.

"Padrone," said Giacomo, who, whatever his astonishment at the connubial position he had disturbed, was much too discreet to betray it—"Padrone, I see the young Englishman riding towards the house, and I hope, when he arrives, you will not forget the alarming information I gave to you this morning."

"Ah—ah!" said Riccabocca, his face falling.

"If the signorina were but married!"

"My very thought—my constant thought!" exclaimed Riccabocca. "And you really believe the young Englishman loves her!"

"Why else should he come, Excellency?" asked Giacomo, with great naïveté.

"Very true; why, indeed!" said Riccabocca. "Jemima, I cannot endure the terrors I suffer on that poor child's account. I will open myself frankly to Randal Leslie. And now, too, that

which might have been a serious consideration, in case I return to Italy, will no longer stand in our way, Jemima."

Jemima smiled faintly, and whispered something to Riccabocca, to which he replied—

"Nonsense, *anima mia*. I know it *will* be—have not a doubt of it. I tell you it is as nine to four, according to the neatest calculations. I will speak at once to Randal. He is too young—to timid to speak himself."

"Certainly," interposed Giacomo; "how could he dare to speak, let him love ever so well?"

Jemima shook her head.

"O, never fear," said Riccabocca, observing this gestur; "I will give him the trial. If he entertain but mercenary views, I shall soon detect them. I know human nature pretty well, I think, my love; and, Giacomo—just get me my Machiavel;—that's right. Now leave me, my dear; I must reflect and prepare myself."

When Randal entered the house, Giacomo, with a smile of peculiar suavity, ushered him into the drawing-room. He found Riccabocca alone, and seated before the fire-place, leaning his face on his hand, with the great folio of Machiavel lying open on the table.

The Italian received him as courteously as usual; but there was in his manner a certain serious and thoughtful dignity, which was perhaps the more imposing, because but rarely assumed. After a few preliminary observations, Randal remarked that Frank Hazeldean had informed him of the curiosity which the disappearance of the Riccaboccas had excited at the Hall, and inquired carelessly if the doctor had left instructions as to the forwarding of any letters that might be directed to him at the Casino.

"Letters," said Riccabocca simply—"I never receive any; or, at least, so rarely, that it was not worth while to take an event so little to be expected into consideration. No; if any letters do reach the Casino, there they will wait."

"Then I can see no possibility of indiscretion; no chance of a clue to your address."

"Nor I either."

Satisfied so far, and knowing that it was not in Riccabocca's habits to read the newspapers, by which he might otherwise have learnt of L'Estrange's arrival in London, Randal then proceeded to inquire, with much seeming interest, into the health of Violante—hoped it did not suffer by confinement, &c. Riccabocca eyed him gravely while he spoke, and then suddenly rising, that air of dignity, to which I have before referred, became yet more striking.

"My young friend," said he, "hear me attentively, and answer me frankly. I know human nature!"—Here a slight smile of proud complacency passed the sage's lips, and his eye glanced towards his Machiavel.

"I know human nature—at least I have studied it," he renewed more earnestly, and with less evident self-conceit; "and I believe that when a perfect stranger to me exhibits an interest in my affairs which occasions him no small trouble—an interest (continued the wise man, laying his hand upon Randal's shoulder) which scarcely a son could exceed, he must be under the influence of some strong personal motive."

"Oh, sir!" cried Randal, turning a shade more pale, and with a faltering tone. Riccabocca surveyed him with the tenderness of a superior being, and pursued his deductive theories.

"In your case, what is that motive? Not political; for I conclude you share the opinions of your government, and those opinions have not favored mine. Not that of pecuniary or ambitious calculations; for how can such calculations enlist you on behalf of a ruined exile? What remains? Why, the motive which at your age is ever the most natural, and the strongest. I don't blame you. Machiavel himself allows that such a motive has swayed the wisest minds, and overturned the most solid states. In a word, young man, you are in love, and with my daughter Violante."

Randal was so startled by this direct and unexpected charge upon his own masked batteries, that he did not even attempt his defence. His head drooped on his breast, and he remained speechless.

"I do not doubt," resumed the penetrating judge of human nature, "that you would have been withheld by the laudable and generous scruples which characterize your happy age, from voluntarily disclosing to me the state of your heart. You might suppose that, proud of the position I once held, or sanguine in the hope of regaining my inheritance, I might be over-ambitious in my matrimonial views for Violante; or that you, anticipating my restoration to honors and fortune, might seem actuated by the last motives which influence love and youth; and, therefore, my dear young friend, I have departed from the ordinary custom in England, and adopted a very common one in my own country. With us, a suitor seldom presents himself till he is assured of the consent of a father. I have only to say this—if I am right, and you love my daughter, my first object in life is to see her safe and secure; and, in a word—you understand me."

Now, mightily may it comfort and console us, ordinary mortals, who advance no pretence to superior wisdom and ability, to see the huge mistakes made by both these very sagacious personages—Dr. Riccabocca, valuing himself on his profound acquaintance with character, and Randal Leslie, accustomed to grope into every hole and corner of thought and action, wherefrom to extract that knowledge which is power! For whereas the sage, judging not only by his own heart in youth, but by the general influence of the master passion on the young, had ascribed to Randal sentiments wholly foreign to that able diplomatist's nature, so, no sooner had Riccabocca brought his speech to a close, than Randal, judging also by his own heart, and by the general laws which influence men of the mature age and boasted worldly wisdom of the pupil of Machiavel, instantly decided that Riccabocca presumed upon his youth and inexperience, and meant most nefariously to take him in.

"The poor youth!" thought Riccabocca, "how unprepared he is for the happiness I give him!"

"The cunning old Jesuit!" thought Randal; "he has certainly learned, since we met last, that he has no chance of regaining his patrimony, and so he wants to impose on me the hand of a girl without a shilling. What other motive can he possibly have? Had his daughter the remotest probability of becoming the greatest heiress in Italy, would he dream of bestowing her on me in this off-hand way? The thing stands to reason."

Actuated by his resentment at the trap thus laid for him, Randal was about to disclaim altogether the disinterested and absurd affection laid to his charge, when it occurred to him that, by so doing, he might mortally offend the Italian—since the cunning never forgive those who refuse to be duped by them—and it might still be conducive to his

interest to preserve intimate and familiar terms with Riccabocca; therefore, subduing his first impulse, he exclaimed,

"O too generous man! pardon me if I have so long been unable to express my amaze, my gratitude; but I cannot—no, I cannot, while your prospects remain thus uncertain, avail myself of your—of your inconsiderate magnanimity. Your rare conduct can only redouble my own scruples, if you, as I firmly hope and believe, are restored to your great possessions—you would naturally look so much higher than me. Should those hopes fail, then, indeed, it may be different; yet even then, what position, what fortune, have I to offer to your daughter worthy of her?"

"You are well born; all gentlemen are equals," said Riccabocca, with a sort of easy nobleness. "You have youth, information, talent—sources of certain wealth in this happy country—powerful connections; and, in fine, if you are satisfied with marrying for love, I shall be contented;—if not, speak openly. As to the restoration to my possessions, I can scarcely think that probable while my enemy lives. And even in that case, since I saw you last, something has occurred (added Riccabocca with a strange smile, which seemed to Randal singularly sinister and malignant) that may remove all difficulties. Meanwhile, do not think me so extravagantly magnanimous—do not underrate the satisfaction I must feel at knowing Violante safe from the designs of Peschiera—safe, and forever, under husband's roof. I will tell you an Italian proverb—it contains a truth full of wisdom and terror:—

Hai cinquanta Amici?—non basta.—Hai un Nemico?—è troppo."*

"Something has occurred!" echoed Randal, not heeding the conclusion of this speech, and scarcely hearing the proverb which the sage delivered in his most emphatic and tragic tone. "Something has occurred! My dear friend, be plainer. What has occurred?" Riccabocca remained silent. "Something that induces you to bestow your daughter on me?"

Riccabocca nodded, and emitted a low chuckle.

"The very laugh of a fiend," muttered Randal. "Something that makes her not worth bestowing. He betrays himself. Cunning people always do."

"Pardon me," said the Italian at last, "if I don't answer your question; you will know later; but, at present, this is a family secret. And now I must turn to another and more alarming cause for my frankness to you." Here Riccabocca's face changed, and assumed an expression of mingled rage and fear. "You must know," he added, sinking his voice, "that Giacomo has seen a strange person loitering about the house, and looking up at the windows; and he has no doubt—nor have I—that this is some spy or emissary of Peschiera's."

"Impossible; how could he discover you?"

"I know not; but no one else has any interest in doing so. The man kept at a distance, and Giacomo could not see his face."

"It may be but a mere idler. Is this all?"

"No; the old woman who serves us said that she was asked at a shop 'if we were not Italians.'"

"And she answered?"

* Have you fifty friends?—it is not enough.—Have you one enemy?—it is too much.

"No;" but owned that 'we had a foreign servant, Giacomo.'

"I will see to this. Rely on it that if Peschiera has discovered you, I will learn it. Nay, I will hasten from you in order to commence inquiry."

"I cannot detain you. May I think that we have now an interest in common?"

"O, indeed, yes; but—but—your daughter! how can I dream that one so beautiful, so peerless, will confirm the hope you have extended to me?"

"The daughter of an Italian is brought up to consider that it is a father's right to dispose of her hand."

"But the heart?"

"Cospetto!" said the Italian, true to his infamous notions as to the sex, "the heart of a girl is like a convent—the holier the cloister, the more charitable the door."

CHAPTER XII.

RANDAL had scarcely left the house, before Mrs. Riccabocca, who was affectionately anxious in all that concerned Violante, rejoined her husband.

"I like the young man very well," said the sage—"very well indeed. I find him just what I expected from my general knowledge of human nature; for as love ordinarily goes with youth, so modesty usually accompanies talent. He is young, *ergo* he is in love; he has talent, *ergo* he is modest—modest and ingenuous."

"And you think not in any way swayed by interest in his affections?"

"Quite the contrary; and to prove him the more, I have not said a word as to the worldly advantages which, in any case, would accrue to him from an alliance with my daughter. In any case; for if I regain my country, her fortune is assured; and if not, I trust (said the poor exile, lifting his brow with stately and becoming pride) that I am too well aware of my child's dignity as well as my own, to ask any one to marry her to his own worldly injury."

"Eh! I don't quite understand you, Alphonso. To be sure, your dear life is insured for her marriage portion; but—"

"Pazzie—stuff!" said Riccabocca petulantly; "her marriage portion would be as nothing to a young man of Randal's birth and prospects. I think not of that. But listen; I have never consented to profit by Harley L'Estrange's friendship for me; my scruples would not extend to my son-in-law. This noble friend has not only high rank, but considerable influence—fluence with the government—fluence with Randal's patron—who, between ourselves, does not seem to push the young man as he might do; I judge by what Randal says. I should write, therefore, before anything was settled, to L'Estrange, and I should say to him simply, 'I never asked you to save me from penury, but I do ask you to save a daughter of my house from humiliation. I can give to her no dowry; can her husband owe to my friend that advance in an honorable career—that opening to energy and talent—which is more than a dowry to generous ambition!'"

"Oh, it is in vain you would disguise your rank," cried Jemima with enthusiasm, "it speaks in all you utter, when your passions are moved."

The Italian did not seem flattered by that eulogy. "Pish," said he, "there you are! rank again!"

But Jemima was right. There was something about her husband that was grandiose and princely,

whenever he escaped from his accursed Machiavel, and gave fair play to his heart.

And he spent the next hour or so in thinking over all that he could do for Randal, and devising for his intended son-in-law the agreeable surprises, which Randal was at that very time racking his yet cleverer brains to disappoint.

These plans conned sufficiently, Riccabocca shut up his Machiavel, and hunted out of his scanty collection of books Buffon on Man, and various other psychological volumes, in which he soon became deeply absorbed. Why were these works the object of the sage's study? Perhaps he will let us know soon, for it is clearly a secret known to his wife; and though she has hitherto kept one secret, that is precisely the reason why Riccabocca would not wish long to overburthen her discretion with another.

CHAPTER XIII.

RANDAL reached home in time to dress for a late dinner at Baron Levy's.

The baron's style of living was of that character especially affected both by the most acknowledged exquisites of that day, and, it must be owned, also, by the most egregious *parvenus*. For it is noticeable that it is your *parvenu* who always comes nearest in fashion (so far as externals are concerned) to your genuine exquisite. It is your *parvenu* who is most particular as to the cut of his coat, and the precision of his equipage, and the minutiae of his *ménage*. Those between the *parvenu* and the exquisite, who know their own consequence, and have something solid to rest upon, are slow in following all the caprices of fashion, and obtuse in observation as to those niceties which neither give them another ancestor, nor add another thousand to the account at their banker's;—as to the last, rather indeed the contrary! There was a decided elegance about the baron's house and his dinner. If he had been one of the lawful kings of the dandies, you would have cried, "What perfect taste!"—but such is human nature, that the dandies who dined with him said to each other, "He pretend to imitate D—! vulgar dog!" There was little affectation of your more showy opulence. The furniture in the rooms was apparently simple, but, in truth, costly, from its luxurious comfort—the ornaments and china scattered about the commodes were of curious rarity and great value; and the pictures on the walls were gems. At dinner, no plate was admitted on the table. The Russian fashion, then uncommon, now more prevalent, was adopted—fruits and flowers in old Sévre dishes of priceless *vertu* and in sparkling glass of Bohemian fabric. No livery servant was permitted to wait; behind each guest stood a gentleman dressed so like the guest himself, in fine linen and simple black, that guest and lacquey seemed stereotypes from one plate.

The viands were exquisite; the wine came from the cellars of deceased archbishops and ambassadors. The company was select; the party did not exceed eight. Four were the eldest sons of peers (from a baron to a duke); one was a professed wit, never to be got without a month's notice, and, where a *parvenu* was host, a certainty of green pease and peaches—out of season; the sixth, to Randal's astonishment, was Mr. Richard Avenel; himself and the baron made up the complement.

The eldest sons recognized each other with a meaning smile; the most juvenile of them, indeed, (it was his first year in London,) had the grace to

blush and look sheepish. The others were more hardened; but they all united in regarding with surprise both Randal and Dick Avenel. The former was known to most of them personally; and to all, by repute, as a grave, clever, promising young man, rather prudent than lavish, and never suspected to have got into a scrape. What the deuce did he do there? Mr. Avenel puzzled them yet more. A middle-aged man, said to be in business, whom they had observed "about town" (for he had a noticeable face and figure)—that is, seen riding in the park, or lounging in the pit at the opera, but never set eyes on at a recognized club, or in the coteries of their "set;"—a man whose wife gave horrid third-rate parties, that took up half-a-column in the *Morning Post* with a list of "The Company Present,"—in which a sprinkling of dowagers out of fashion, and a foreign title or two, made the darkness of the obscurer names doubly dark. Why this man should be asked to meet *them*, by Baron Levy, too—a decided tuft-hunter and would-be exclusive—called all their faculties into exercise. The wit, who, being the son of a small tradesman, but in the very best society, gave himself far greater airs than the young lords, impertinently solved the mystery. "Depend on it," whispered he to Spendquick—"depend on it the man is the X.Y. of the *Times* who offers to lend any sums of money from £10 to half-a-million. He's the man who has all your bills; Levy is only his jackall."

"Pon my soul," said Spendquick, rather alarmed, "if that's the case, one may as well be civil to him."

"You, certainly," said the wit. "But I never yet found an X.Y. who would advance me the L. s.; and, therefore, I shall not be more respectful to X.Y. than to any other unknown quantity."

By degrees, as the wine circulated, the party grew gay and sociable. Levy was really an entertaining fellow; had all the gossip of the town at his fingers' ends; and possessed, moreover, that pleasant art of saying ill-natured things of the absent, which those present always enjoy. By degrees, too, Mr. Richard Avenel came out; and as the whisper had circulated round the table that he was X. Y., he was listened to with a profound respect, which greatly elevated his spirits. Nay, when the wit tried once to show him up or mystify him, Dick answered with a bluff spirit, that, though very coarse, was found so humorous by Lord Spendquick and other gentlemen similarly situated in the money-market, that they turned the laugh against the wit, and silenced him for the rest of the night—a circumstance which made the party go off much more pleasantly. After dinner, the conversation, quite that of single men, easy and *débonair*, glanced from the turf, and the ballet, and the last scandal, towards politics; for the times were such that politics were discussed everywhere, and three of the young lords were county members.

Randal said little, but, as was his wont, listened attentively; and he was aghast to find how general was the belief that the government was doomed. Out of regard to him, and with that delicacy of breeding which belongs to a certain society, nothing personal to Egerton was said, except by Avenel, who, however, on blurting out some rude expressions respecting that minister, was instantly checked by the baron.

"Spare my friend, and Mr. Leslie's near connection," said he, with a polite but grave smile.

"Oh," said Avenel, "public men, whom we pay, are public property—are n't they, my lord?" appealing to Spendquick.

"Certainly," said Spendquick, with great spirit—"public property, or why should we pay them? There must be a very strong motive to induce us to do that! I hate paying people. In fact," he subjoined in an aside, "I never do!"

"However," resumed Mr. Avenel graciously, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mr. Leslie. As to the feelings of our host, the baron, I calculate that they have got tolerably tough by the exercise they have gone through."

"Nevertheless," said the baron, joining in the laugh which any lively saying by the supposed X. Y. was sure to excite—"nevertheless, 'love me, love my dog,' love me, love my Egerton."

Randal started, for his quick ear and subtle intelligence caught something sinister and hostile in the tone with which Levy uttered this equivocal comparison, and his eye darted towards the baron. But the baron had bent down his face, and was regaling himself upon an olive.

By-and-by the party rose from table. The four young noblemen had their engagements elsewhere, and proposed to separate without reentering the drawing-room. As, in Goethe's theory, monads which have affinities with each other are irresistibly drawn together, so these gay children of pleasure had, by a common impulse, on rising from table, moved each to each, and formed a group round the fire-place. Randal stood a little apart, musing; the wit examined the pictures through his eyeglass; and Mr. Avenel drew the baron towards the side-board, and there held him in whispered conference. This colloquy did not escape the young gentlemen round the fire-place; they glanced towards each other.

"Settling the percentage on renewal," said one, *sotta voce*.

"X. Y. does not seem such a very bad fellow," said another.

"He looks rich, and talks rich," said a third.

"A decided independent way of expressing his sentiments; those moneyed men generally have."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Spendquick, who had been keeping his eye anxiously fixed on the pair, "do look; X. Y. is actually taking out his pocket-book; he is coming this way. Depend on it he has got our bills—mine is due to-morrow!"

"And mine too," said another edging off. "Why, it is a perfect *gues-apens*."

Meanwhile, breaking away from the baron, who appeared anxious to detain him, and, failing in that attempt, turned aside, as if not to see Dick's movements—a circumstance which did not escape the notice of the group, and confirmed all their suspicions, Mr. Avenel, with a serious, thoughtful air, and a slow step, approached the group. Nor did the great Roman general more nervously "flutter the dove-cotes in Coriolis," than did the advance of the supposed X. Y. agitate the bosoms of Lord Spendquick and his sympathizing friends. Pocket-book in hand, and apparently feeling for something formidable within its mystic recesses, step by step came Dick Avenel towards the fire-place. The group stood still, fascinated by horror.

"Hum," said Mr. Avenel, clearing his throat.

"I don't like that hum at all," muttered Spendquick.

"Proud to have made your acquaintance, gentlemen," said Dick, bowing.

The gentlemen, thus addressed, bowed low in return.

"My friend, the baron, thought this not exactly the time to—"Dick stopped a moment; you might have knocked down those four young gentlemen, though four finer specimens of humanity no aristocracy in Europe could produce—you might have knocked them down with a feather!" "But," renewed Avenel, not finishing his sentence, "I have made it a rule in life never to lose securing a good opportunity; in short, to make the most of the present moment. And," added he with a smile, which froze the blood in Lord Spendquick's veins, "the rule has made me a very warm man! Therefore, gentlemen, allow me to present you each with one of these"—every hand retreated behind the back of its well-born owner—when, to the inexpressible relief of all, Dick concluded with—"a little *soirée dansante*," and extended four cards of invitation.

"Most happy!" exclaimed Spendquick. "I don't dance in general; but to oblige X— I mean to have a better acquaintance, sir, with you—I would dance on the tight-rope."

There was a good-humored pleasant laugh at Spendquick's enthusiasm, and a general shaking of hands and pocketing of the invitation cards.

"You don't look like a dancing man," said Avenel, turning to the wit, who was plump and somewhat gouty—as wits who dine out five days in the week generally are; "but we shall have supper at one o'clock."

Infinitely offended and disgusted, the wit replied drily, "that every hour of his time was engaged for the rest of the season," and, with a stiff salutation to the baron, took his departure. The rest, in good spirits, hurried away to their respective cabriolets; and Leslie was following them into the hall, when the baron, catching hold of him, said, "Stay, I want to talk to you."

CHAPTER XIV.

The baron turned into his drawing-room, and Leslie followed.

"Pleasant young men, those," said Levy, with a slight sneer, as he threw himself into an easy-chair and stirred the fire. "And not at all proud; but, to be sure, they are—under great obligations to me. Yes; they owe me a great deal. *Appos*, I have had a long talk with Frank Hazeldean—fine young man—remarkable capacities for business. I can arrange his affairs for him. I find, on reference to the Will Office, that you were quite right; the Casino property is entailed on Frank. He will have the fee simple. He can dispose of the reversion entirely. So that there will be no difficulty in our arrangements."

"But I told you also that Frank had scruples about borrowing on the event of his father's death."

"Ay—you did so. Filial affection! I never take that into account in matters of business. Such little scruples, though they are highly honorable to human nature, soon vanish before the prospect of the King's Bench. And, too, as you so judiciously remarked, our clever young friend is in love with Madame di Negra."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No; but Madame di Negra did!"

"You know her?"

"I know most people in good society, who now and then require a friend in the management of

their affairs. And having made sure of the fact you stated, as to Hazeldean's contingent property, (excuse my prudence,) I have accommodated Madame di Negra, and bought up her debts."

" You have—you surprise me!"

" The surprise will vanish on reflection. But you are very new to the world yet, my dear Leslie. By the way, I have had an interview with Peschiera—"

" About his sister's debts?"

" Partly. A man of the nicest honor is Peschiera."

Aware of Levy's habit of praising people for the qualities in which, according to the judgment of less penetrating mortals, they were most deficient, Randal only smiled at this eulogy, and waited for Levy to resume. But the baron sat silent and thoughtful for a minute or two, and then wholly changed the subject.

" I think your father has some property in —shire, and you probably can give me a little information as to certain estates of a Mr. Thornhill—estates which, on examination of the title-deeds, I find once, indeed, belonged to your family." The baron glanced at a very elegant memorandum book—"The manors of Rood and Dulmonsberry, with sundry farms thereon. Mr. Thornhill wants to sell them as soon as his son is of age—an old client of mine, Thornhill. He has applied to me on the matter. Do you think it an improvable property?"

Randal listened with a livid cheek and a throbbing heart. We have seen that, if there was one ambitious scheme in his calculation which, though not absolutely generous and heroic, still might win its way to a certain sympathy in the undebased human mind, it was the hope to restore the fallen fortunes of his ancient house, and repossess himself of the long alienated lands that surrounded the dismal wastes of the mouldering hall. And now to hear that those lands were getting into the inexorable gripe of Levy—tears of bitterness stood in his eyes.

" Thornhill," continued Levy, who watched the young man's countenance—"Thornhill tells me that that part of his property—the old Leslie lands—produces 2000*l* a-year, and that the rental could be raised. He would take 50,000*l*. for it—20,000*l*. down, and suffer the remaining 30,000*l*. to lie on mortgage at four per cent. It seems a very good purchase. What do you say?"

" Don't ask me," said Randal, stung into rare honesty; " for I had hoped I might live to repossess myself of that property."

" Ah! indeed. It would be a very great addition to your consequence in the world—not from the mere size of the estate, but from its hereditary associations. And if you have any idea of the purchase—believe me, I'll not stand in your way."

" How can I have any idea of it?"

" But I thought you said you had."

" I understood that these lands could not be sold till Mr. Thornhill's son came of age, and joined in getting rid of the entail."

" Yes, so Thornhill himself supposed, till, on examining the title-deeds, I found he was under a mistake. These lands are not comprised in the settlement made by old Jasper Thornhill, which ties up the rest of the property. The title will be perfect. Thornhill wants to settle the matter at once—loses on the turf, you understand; an immediate purchaser would get still better terms. A Sir John Spratt would give the money;

—but the addition of these lands would make the Spratt property of more consequence in the county than the Thornhill. So my client would rather take a few thousands less from man who don't set up to be his rival. Balance of power in countries as well as nations."

Randal was silent.

" Well," said Levy, with great kindness of manner, " I see I pain you; and though I am what my very pleasant guest would call a *parvenu*, I comprehend your natural feelings as a gentleman of ancient birth. *Parvenu!* Ah! is it not strange, Leslie, that no wealth, no fashion, no fame can wipe out that blot! They call me *parvenu*, and borrow my money. They call our friend, the wit, a *parvenu*, and submit to all his insolence—if they condescend to regard his birth at all—provided they can but get him to dinner. They call the best debater in the Parliament of England a *parvenu*, and will entreat him, some day or other, to be prime minister, and ask him for stars and garters. A droll world, and no wonder the *parvenus* want to upset it."

Randal had hitherto supposed that this notorious tuff-hunter—this dandy capitalist—this money-lender, whose whole fortune had been wrung from the wants and follies of an aristocracy, was naturally a firm supporter of things as they are—how could things be better for men like Baron Levy? But the usurer's burst of democratic spleen did not surprise his precocious and acute faculty of observation. He had before remarked, that it is the persons who fawn most upon an aristocracy, and profit the most by the fawning, who are ever at heart its bitterest disparagers. Why is this? Because one full half of democratic opinion is made up of envy; and we can only envy what is brought before our eyes, and what, while very near to us, is still unattainable. No man envies an archangel.

" But," said Levy, throwing himself back in his chair, " a new order of things is commencing; we shall see. Leslie, it is lucky for you that you did not enter Parliament under the government; it would be your political ruin for life."

" You think, then, that the ministry really cannot last?"

" Of course I do; and, what is more, I think that a ministry of the same principles cannot be restored. You are a young man of talent and spirit; your birth is nothing compared to the rank of the reigning party; it would tell, to a certain degree, in a democratic one. I say, you should be more civil to Avenel; he could return you to Parliament at the next election."

" The next election! In six years! We have just had a general election."

" There will be another before this year, or half of it, or perhaps a quarter of it, is out?"

" What makes you think so?"

" Leslie, let there be confidence between us; we can help each other. Shall we be friends?"

" With all my heart. But, though you may help me, how can I help you?"

" You have helped me already to Frank Hazeldean—and the Casino estate. All clever men can help me. Come, then, we are friends; and what I say is secret. You ask me why I think there will be a general election so soon? I will answer you frankly. Of all the public men I ever met with, there is no one who has so clear a vision of things immediately before him as Audley Egerton."

" He has that character. Not far-seeing, but clear-sighted to a certain limit."

" Exactly so. No one better, therefore, knows public opinion, and its immediate ebb and flow."

" Granted."

" Egerton, then, counts on a general election within three months; and I have lent him the money for it."

" Lent him the money! Egerton borrow money of you—the rich Audley Egerton!"

" Rich!" repeated Levy in a tone impossible to describe, and accompanying the word with that movement of the middle finger and thumb, commonly called a "snap," which indicates profound contempt.

He said no more. Randal sat stupefied. At length the latter muttered, "But if Egerton is really not rich—if he lose office, and without the hope of return to it—"

" If so, he is ruined!" said Levy coldly; " and therefore, from regard to you, and feeling interest in your future fate, I say—Rest no hopes of fortune or career upon Audley Egerton. Keep your place for the present, but be prepared at the next election to stand upon popular principles. Avenel shall return you to Parliament; and the rest is with luck and energy. And now, I'll not detain you longer," said Levy, rising and ringing the bell. The servant entered.

" Is my carriage here?"

" Yes, baron."

" Can I set you down anywhere?"

" No, thank you; I prefer walking."

" Adieu, then. And mind you remember the *soirée dansante* at Mrs. Avenel's." Randal mechanically shook the hand extended to him, and went down the stairs.

The fresh frosty air roused his intellectual faculties, which Levy's ominous words had almost paralyzed.

And the first thing the clever schemer said to himself was this—

" But what can be the man's motive in what he said to me?"

The next was—

" Egerton ruined! What am I, then?"

And the third was—

" And that fair remnant of the old Leslie property! £20,000 down—how to get the sum? Why should Levy have spoken to me of this?"

And, lastly, the soliloquy rounded back—"The man's motives! His motives?"

Meanwhile, the baron threw himself into his chariot—the most comfortable, easy chariot you can possibly conceive—single man's chariot—perfect taste—no married man ever has such a chariot; and in a few minutes he was at —'s hotel, and in the presence of Giulio Franzini, Count di Pescihera.

" *Mon cœur*," said the baron in very good French, and in a tone of the most familiar equality with the descendant of the princess and heroes of grand mediæval Italy—" *Mon cœur*, give me one of your excellent cigars. I think I have put all matters in train."

" You have found out—"

" No; not so fast yet," said the baron, lighting the cigar extended to him. " But you said that you should be perfectly contented if it only cost you £20,000 to marry off your sister, (to whom that sum is legally due,) and to marry yourself to the heiress."

" I did, indeed."

" Then I have no doubt I shall manage both objects for that sum, if Randal Leslie really knows where the young lady is, and can assist you. Most prom-

ising, able man is Randal Leslie—but innocent as a babe just born."

" Ha! ha! Innocent? *Que diable!*"

" Innocent as this cigar, *mon cœur*—strong, certainly, but smoked very easily. *Soyez tranquille!*"

CHAPTER XV.

Who has not seen—who not admired, that noble picture by Daniel Maclise, which refreshes the immortal name of my ancestor, Caxton! For myself, while with national pride I heard the admiring murmurs of the foreigners who grouped around it, (nothing, indeed, of which our nation may be more proud had they seen in the Crystal Palace)—heard, with no less a pride in the generous nature of fellow-artists, the warm applause of living and deathless masters, sanctioning the enthusiasm of the popular crowd:—what struck me more than the precision of drawing, for which the artist has been always renowned, and the just though gorgeous affluence of color which he has more recently acquired, was the profound depth of conception, out of which this great work had so elaborately arisen. That monk, with his scowl towards the printer and his back on the Bible, over which *his form casts a shadow*—the whole transition between the mediæval Christianity of cell and cloister, and the modern Christianity that rejoices in the daylight, is depicted there, in the shadow that obscures the Book—in the scowl that is fixed upon the Book-diffuser:—that sombre, musing face of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, with the beauty of Napoleon, darkened to the expression of a fiend, looking far and anxiously into futurity, as if foreseeing there what antagonism was about to be created to the schemes of secret crime and unrelenting force;—the chivalrous head of the accomplished Rivers, seen but in profile, under his helmet, as if the age when Chivalry must defend its noble attributes, in steel, was already half passed away; and, not least grand of all, the rude thews and sinews of the artisan forced into service on the type, and the ray of intellect, fierce, and menacing revolutions yet to be, struggling through his rugged features, and across his low knitted brow;—all this, which showed how deeply the idea of the discovery in its good and its evil, its saving light and its perilous storms, had sunk into the artist's soul, charmed me as effecting the exact union between sentiment and execution, which is the true and rare consummation of the ideal in Art. But observe, while in these personages of the group are depicted the deeper and graver agencies implicated in the bright but terrible invention—observe how little the light epicures of the hour heed the scowl of the monk, or the restless gesture of Richard, or the troubled gleam in the eyes of the artisan—King Edward, handsome *Poco curante*, delighted, in the surprise of a child, with a new toy; and Clarence, with his curious yet careless glance—all the while Caxton himself, calm, serene, untroubled, intent solely upon the manifestation of his discovery, and no doubt supremely indifferent whether the first proofs of it shall be dedicated to a Rivers or an Edward, a Richard or a Henry, Plantagenet or Tudor—'t is all the same to that comely, gentle-looking man. So is it ever with your Abstract Science!—not a jot cares its passionless logic for the woe or weal of a generation or two. The stream, once emerged from its source, passes on into the Great Intellectual Sea, smiling over the wretch that it drowns, or under the keel of the ship which it serves as a slave.

Now, when about to commence the present

chapter on the Varieties of Life, this masterpiece of thoughtful art forced itself on my recollection, and illustrated what I designed to say. In the surface of every age, it is often that which but amuses, for the moment, the ordinary children of pleasant existence, the Edwards and the Clarcnes, (be they kings and dukes, or simplest of simple subjects,) which afterwards towers out as the great serious epoch of the time. When we look back upon human records, how the eye settles upon Writers as the main landmarks of the past ! We talk of the age of Augustus, of Elizabeth, of Louis XIV., of Anne, as the notable eras of the world. Why ? Because it is their writers who have made them so. Intervals between one age of authors and another lie unnoticed, as the flats and common lands of uncultured history. And yet, strange to say, when these authors are living amongst us, they occupy a very small portion of our thoughts, and fill up but desultory interstices in the bitumen and tufo wherefrom we build up the Babylon of our lives ! So it is, and perhaps so it should be, whether it pleases the conceit of penmen or not. Life is meant to be active ; and books, though they give the action to future generations, administer but to the holiday of the present.

And so, with this long preface, I turn suddenly from the Randals and the Egertons, and the Levys, Avenels, and Peschieras—from the plots and passions of practical life, and drop the reader suddenly into one of those obscure retreats wherein thought weaves, from unnoticed moments, a new link to the chain that unites the ages.

Within a small room, the single window of which opened on a fanciful and fairy-like garden, that has been before described, sat a young man alone. He had been writing ; the ink was not dry on his manuscript, but his thoughts had been suddenly interrupted from his work, and his eyes now lifted from the letter which had occasioned that interruption, sparkled with delight. "He will come," exclaimed the young man ; "come here—to the home which I owe to him. I have not been unworthy of his friendship. And she,"—his breast heaved, but the joy faded from his face. "Oh strange, strange, that I feel sad at the thought to see her again ! See her—Ah, no !—my own comforting Helen—my own child-angel ! *Her* I can never see again ! The grown woman—that is not my Helen. And yet—and yet, (he resumed, after a pause,) if ever she read the pages in which thought flowed and trembled under her distant starry light—if ever she see how her image has rested with me, and feel that, while others believe that I invent, I have but remembered—will she not, for a moment, be my own Helen again ! Again, in heart and in fancy, stand by my side on the desolate bridge—hand in hand—orphans both, as we stood in the days so sorrowful, yet, as I recall them, so sweet. Helen in England, it is a dream !"

He rose, half consciously, and went to the window. The fountain played merrily before his eyes, and the birds in the aviary caroled loud to his ear. "And in this house," he murmured, "I saw her last ! And there, where the fountain now throws its stream on high—there her benefactor and mine told me that I was to lose *her*, and that I might win—fame. Alas !"

At this time a woman, whose dress was somewhat above her mien and air, which, though not without a certain respectability, were very homely, entered the room ; and, seeing the young man

standing thus thoughtful by the window, paused. She was used to his habits ; and, since his success in life, had learned to respect them. So she did not disturb his reverie, but began softly to arrange the room—dusting, with the corner of her apron, the various articles of furniture, putting a stray chair or two in its right place, but not touching a single paper. Virtuous woman, and rare as virtuous !

The young man turned at last, with a deep yet not altogether painful sigh—

"My dear mother, good day to you. Ah, you do well to make the room look its best. Happy news ! I expect a visitor !"

"Dear me, Leonard, will he want ? lunch—or what ?"

"Nay, I think not, mother. It is he to whom we owe all—*Hac otia fecit.*" Pardon my Latin ; it is Lord L'Estrange."

The face of Mrs. Fairfield (the reader has long since divined the name) changed instantly, and betrayed a nervous twitch of all the muscles, which gave her a family likeness to old Mrs. Avenel.

"Do not be alarmed, mother. He is the kindest—"

"Don't talk so ; I can't bear it !" cried Mrs. Fairfield.

"No wonder you are affected by the recollection of all his benefits. But when once you have seen him, you will find yourself ever after at your ease. And so, pray smile and look as good as you are ; for I am proud of your open, honest look when you are pleased, mother. And he must see your heart in your face, as I do."

With this, Leonard put his arm round the widow's neck and kissed her. She clung to him fondly for a moment, and he felt her tremble from head to foot. Then she broke from his embrace, and hurried out of the room. Leonard thought perhaps she had gone to improve her dress, or to carry her housewife energies to the decoration of the other rooms ; for "the house" was Mrs. Fairfield's hobby and passion ; and now that she worked no more, save for her amusement, it was her main occupation. The hours she contrived to spend daily in bustling about those little rooms, and leaving everything therein to all appearance precisely the same, were among the marvels in life which the genius of Leonard had never comprehended. But she was always so delighted when Mr. Norreys or some rare visitor came ; and said, (Mr. Norreys never failed to do so,) "How neatly all is kept here ! What could Leonard do without you, Mrs. Fairfield ?"

And, to Norreys' infinite amusement, Mrs. Fairfield always returned the same answer. "Deed sir, and thank you kindly, but 't is my belief that the drawin'-room would be awful dusty."

Once more left alone, Leonard's mind returned to the state of reverie, and his face assumed the expression that had now become to it habitual. Thus seen, he was changed much since we last beheld him. His cheek was more pale and thin, his lips more firmly compressed, his eye more fixed and abstract. You could detect, if I may borrow a touching French expression that "sorrow had passed by there." But the melancholy on his countenance was ineffably sweet and serene, and on his ample forehead there was that power, so rarely seen in early youth—the power that has conquered, and betrays its conquests but in calm. The period of doubt, of struggle, of defiance, was gone forever ; genius and soul were reconciled to human life. It

was a face most lovable; so gentle and peaceful in its character. No want of fire; on the contrary, the fire was so clear and so steadfast, that it conveyed but the impression of light. The candor of boyhood, the simplicity of the villager were still there—refined by intelligence, but intelligence that seemed to have traversed through knowledge—not with the footstep, but the wing—unsullied by the mire—tending towards the star—seeking through the various grades of Being but the lovelier forms of truth and goodness; at home as should be the Art that consummates the Beautiful—

In den heitern Regionen
Wo die reinen Formen wohnen.*

From this reverie Leonard did not seek to rouse himself, till the bell at the garden gate rang loud and shrill; and then starting up and hurrying into the hall, his hand was grasped in Harley's.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FULL and happy hour passed away in Harley's questions and Leonard's answers; the dialogue that naturally ensued between the two, on the first interview after an absence of years so eventful to the younger man.

The history of Leonard during this interval was almost solely internal, the struggle of intellect with its own difficulties, the wanderings of imagination through its own adventurous worlds.

The first aim of Norreys, in preparing the mind of his pupil for its vocation, had been to establish the equilibrium of its powers, to calm into harmony the elements rudely shaken by the trials and passions of the old hard outer life.

The theory of Norreys was briefly this. The education of a superior human being is—but the development of ideas in one for the benefit of others. To this end, attention should be directed—1st, To the value of the ideas collected: 2dly, To their discipline; 3dly, To their expression. For the first, acquirement is necessary; for the second, discipline; for the third, art. The first comprehends knowledge, purely intellectual, whether derived from observation, memory, reflection, books or men, Aristotle or Fleet Street. The second demands *training*, not only intellectual, but moral; the purifying and exaltation of motives; the formation of habits; in which method is but a part of a divine and harmonious symmetry—a union of intellect and conscience. Ideas of value, stored by the first process; marshalled into force, and placed under guidance, by the second; it is the result of the third, to place them before the world in the most attractive or commanding form. This may be done by actions no less than words; but the adaptation of means to end, the passage of ideas from the brain of one man into the lives and souls of all, no less in action than in books, requires study. Action has its art as well as literature. Here Norreys had but to deal with the calling of the scholar, the formation of the writer, and so to guide the perceptions towards those varieties in the sublime and beautiful, the just combination of which is at once *CREATION*. Man himself is but a combination of elements. He who combines in nature, creates in art.

Such, very succinctly and inadequately expressed, was the system upon which Norreys proceeded to regulate and perfect the great native powers of his

pupil; and though the reader may perhaps say that no system laid down by another can either put genius or dictate to its results, yet probably nine tenths at least of those in whom we recognize the luminaries of our race, have passed, unconsciously to themselves, (for self-education is rarely conscious of its phases,) through each of these processes. And no one who pauses to reflect will deny, that, according to this theory, illustrated by a man of vast experience, profound knowledge, and exquisite taste, the struggles of genius would be infinitely lessened; its vision cleared and strengthened, and the distance between effort and success notably abridged.

Norreys, however, was far too deep a reasoner to fall into the error of modern teachers, who suppose that education can dispense with labor. No mind becomes muscular without rude and early exercise. Labor should be strenuous, but in right directions. All that we can do for it is to save the waste of time in blundering into needless toils.

The master had thus first employed his neophyte in arranging and compiling materials for a great critical work in which Norreys himself was engaged. In this stage of scholastic preparation, Leonard was necessarily led to the acquisition of languages, for which he had great aptitude—the foundations of a large and comprehensive erudition were solidly constructed. He traced by the plough-share the walls of the destined city. Habits of accuracy and of generalization became formed insensibly; and that precious faculty which seizes, amidst accumulated materials, those that serve the object for which they are explored—that faculty which quadruples all force, by concentrating it on one point)—once roused into action, gave purpose to every toil and quickness to each perception. But Norreys did not confine his pupil solely to the mute world of a library; he introduced him to some of the first minds in arts, science, and letters—and active life. "These," said he, "are the living ideas of the present, out of which books for the future will be written; study them; and here, as in the volumes of the past, diligently amass and deliberately compile."

By degrees Norreys led on that young ardent mind from the selection of ideas to their *aesthetic* analysis—from compilation to criticism; but criticism severe, close, and logical—a reason for each word of praise or of blame. Led in this stage of his career to examine into the laws of beauty, a new light broke upon his mind; from amidst the masses of marble he had piled around him, rose the vision of the statue.

And so, suddenly one day Norreys said to him, "I need a compiler no longer—maintain yourself by your own creations." And Leonard wrote, and a work flowered up from the seed deep buried, and the soil well cleared to the rays of the sun and the healthful influence of expanded air.

That first work did not penetrate to a very wide circle of readers, not from any perceptible fault of its own—there is luck in these things; the first anonymous work of an original genius is rarely at once eminently successful. But the more experienced recognized the promise of the book. Publishers, who have an instinct in the discovery of available talent, which often foretells the appreciation of the public, volunteered liberal offers. "Be fully successful this time," said Norreys; "think not of models nor of style. Strike at once at the common human heart—throw away the corks—swim out boldly. One word more—never write a

* At home—"In the serene regions
Where dwell the pure forms."

page till you have walked from your room to Temple Bar, and, mingling with men, and reading the human face, learn why great poets have mostly passed their lives in cities."

Thus Leonard wrote again, and woke one morning to find himself famous. So far as the chances of all professions dependent on health will permit, present independence, and, with foresight and economy, the prospects of future competence were secured.

"And, indeed," said Leonard, concluding a longer but a simpler narrative than is here told—"indeed, there is some chance that I may obtain at once a sum that will leave me free for the rest of my life to select my own subjects and write without care for remuneration. This is what I call the true (and, perhaps, alas! the rare) independence of him who devotes himself to letters. Norreys, having seen my boyish plan for the improvement of certain machinery in the steam-engine, insisted on my giving much time to mechanics. The study that once pleased me so greatly, now seemed dull; but I went into it with good heart; and the result is, that I have improved so far on my original idea, that my scheme has met the approbation of one of our most scientific engineers; and I am assured that the patent for it will be purchased of me upon terms which I am ashamed to name to you, so disproportioned do they seem to the value of so simple a discovery. Meanwhile, I am already rich enough to have realized the two dreams of my heart—to make a home in the cottage where I had last seen you and Helen—I mean Miss Digby; and to invite to that home her who had sheltered my infancy."

"Your mother, where is she? Let me see her."

Leonard ran out to call the widow, but, to his surprise and vexation, learned that she had quitted the house before L'Estrange arrived.

He came back perplexed how to explain what seemed ungracious and ungrateful, and spoke with hesitating lip and flushed cheek of the widow's natural timidity and sense of her own homely station. "And so overpowered is she," added Leonard, "by the recollection of all that we owe to you, that she never hears your name without agitation or tears, and trembled like a leaf at the thought of seeing you."

"Ha!" said Harley, with visible emotion. "Is it so?" And he bent down, shading his face with his hand. "And," he renewed, after a pause, but not looking up—"and you ascribe this fear of seeing me, this agitation at my name, solely to an exaggerated sense of—of the circumstances attending my acquaintance with yourself?"

"And, perhaps, to a sort of shame that the mother of one you have made her proud of is but a peasant."

"That is all," said Harley, earnestly, now looking up and fixing eyes in which stood tears, upon Leonard's ingenuous brow.

"Oh, my dear lord, what else can it be? Do not judge her harshly."

L'Estrange rose abruptly, pressed Leonard's hand, muttered something not audible, and then drawing his young friend's arm in his, led him into the garden, and turned the conversation back to its former topics.

Leonard's heart yearned to ask after Helen, and yet something withheld him from doing so, till, seeing Harley did not volunteer to speak of her, he could not resist his impulse. "And Helen—Miss Digby—is she much changed?"

"Changed, no—yes; very much."

"Very much!" Leonard sighed.

"I shall see her again!"

"Certainly," said Harley, in a tone of surprise. "How can you doubt it? And I reserve to you the pleasure of saying that you are renowned. You blush; well, I will say that for you. But you shall give her your books."

"She has not yet read them, then?—not the last? The first was not worthy of her attention," said Leonard, disappointed.

"She has only just arrived in England; and, though your books reached me in Germany, she was not then with me. When I have settled some business that will take me from town, I shall present you to her and my mother." There was a certain embarrassment in Harley's voice as he spoke; and, turning round abruptly, he exclaimed, "But you have shown poetry even here. I could not have conceived that so much beauty could be drawn from what appeared to me the most commonplace of all suburban gardens. Why, surely where that charming fountain now plays stood the rude bench in which I read your verses."

"It is true; I wished to unite all together my happiest associations. I think I told you, my lord, in one of my letters, that I had owed a very happy, yet very struggling time in my boyhood to the singular kindness and generous instructions of a foreigner whom I served. This fountain is copied from one that I made in his garden, and by the margin of which many a summer day I have sat and dreamt of fame and knowledge."

"True, you told me of that; and your foreigner will be pleased to hear of your success, and no less so of your graceful recollections. By the way, you did not mention his name."

"Riccabocca."

"Riccabocca! My own dear and noble friend!—is it possible! One of my reasons for returning to England is connected with him. You shall go down with me and see him. I meant to start this evening."

"My dear lord," said Leonard, "I think that you may spare yourself so long a journey. I have reason to suspect that Signor Riccabocca is my nearest neighbor. Two days ago I was in the garden, when, suddenly lifting my eyes to yon hillock, I perceived the form of a man seated amongst the bushwood; and, though I could not see his features, there was something in the very outline of his figure and his peculiar position, that irresistibly reminded me of Riccabocca. I hastened out of the garden and ascended the hill, but he was gone. My suspicions were so strong that I caused inquiry to be made at the different shops scattered about, and learned that a family, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and daughter, had lately come to live in a house that you must have passed in your way hither, standing a little back from the road, surrounded by high walls; and though they were said to be English, yet from the description given to me of the gentleman's person by one who had noticed it, by the fact of a foreign servant in their employ, and by the very name 'Richmoult,' assigned to the new comers, I can scarcely doubt that it is the family you seek."

"And you have not called to ascertain?"

"Pardon me, but the family so evidently shunning observation, (no one but the master himself ever seen without the walls,) the adoption of another name too—lead me to infer that Signor Riccabocca has some strong motive for concealment; and now, with my improved knowledge of

life, I cannot, recalling all the past, but suppose that Riccabocca was not what he appeared. Hence, I have hesitated on formally obstructing myself upon his secrets, whatever they be, and have rather watched for some chance occasion to meet him in his walks."

"You did right, my dear Leonard; but my reasons for seeing my old friend forbid all scruples of delicacy, and I will go at once to his house."

"You will tell me, my lord, if I am right."

"I hope to be allowed to do so. Pray, stay at home till I return. And now, ere I go, one question more. You indulge conjectures as to Riccabocca, because he has changed his name—why have you dropped your own?"

"I wished to have no name," said Leonard, coloring deeply, "but that which I could make myself."

"Proud poet, this I can comprehend. But from what reason did you assume the strange and fantastic name of Oran?"

The flush on Leonard's face became deeper. "My lord," said he, in a low voice, "it is a childish fancy of mine; it is an anagram."

"Ah!"

"At a time when my cravings after knowledge were likely much to mislead, and perhaps undo me, I chanced on some poems that suddenly affected my whole mind, and led me up into purer air; and I was told that these poems were written in youth, by one who had beauty and genius—one who was in her grave—a relation of my own, and her familiar name was Nora—"

"Ah!" again ejaculated Lord L'Estrange, and his arm pressed heavily upon Leonard's.

"So, somehow or other," continued the young author, falteringly, "I wished that if ever I won a poet's fame, it might be to my own heart, at least, associated with this name of Nora—with her whom death had robbed of the fame that she might otherwise have won—with her who—"

He paused, greatly agitated.

Harley was no less so. But as if by a sudden impulse, the soldier bent down his manly head and kissed the poet's brow; then he hastened to the gate, flung himself on his horse, and rode away.

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD L'ESTRANGE did not proceed at once to Riccabocca's house. He was under the influence of a remembrance too deep and too strong to yield easily to the lukewarm claim of friendship. He rode fast and far; and impossible it would be to define the feelings that passed through a mind so acutely sensitive, and so rootedly tenacious of all affections. When he once more, recalling his duty to the Italian, retraced his road to Norwood, the slow pace of his horse was significant of his own exhausted spirits; a deep dejection had succeeded to feverish excitement. "Vain task," he murmured, "to wean myself from the dead! Yet I am now betrothed to another; and she, with all her virtues, is not the one to—" He stopped short in generous self-rebuke. "Too late to think of that! Now all that should remain to me is to insure the happiness of the life to which I have pledged my own. But—" He sighed as he so murmured. On reaching the vicinity of Riccabocca's house, he put up his horse at a little inn, and proceeded on foot across the heathland towards the dull, square building, which Leonard's description had sufficed to indicate as the exile's new home. It was long before any one answered his summons

at the gate. Not till he had thrice rung did he hear a heavy step on the gravel walk within; then the wicket within the gate was partially drawn aside, a dark eye gleamed out, and a voice in imperfect English asked who was there.

"Lord L'Estrange; and if I am right as to the person I seek, that name will at once admit me."

The door flew open as did that of the mystic cavern at the sound of "Open Sesame;" and Giacomo, almost weeping with joyous emotion, exclaimed in Italian, "The good Lord! Holy San Giacomo! thou hast heard me at last! We are safe now." And, dropping the blunderbuss with which he had taken the precaution to arm himself, he lifted Harley's hand to his lips, in the affectionate greeting familiar to his countrymen.

"And the padrone?" asked Harley, as he entered the jealous precincts.

"Oh, he is just gone out; but he will not be long. You will wait for him?"

"Certainly. What lady is that I see at the far end of the garden?"

"Bless her, it is our signorina. I will run and tell her that you are come."

"That I am come; but she cannot know me even by name."

"Ah, excellency, can you think so? Many and many a time has she talked to me of you, and I have heard her pray to the holy Madonna to bless you, and in a voice so sweet—"

"Stay, I will present myself to her. Go into the house, and we will wait without for the padrone. Nay, I need the air, my friend." Harley, as he said this, broke from Giacomo, and approached Violante.

The poor child, in her solitary walk in the obscurer parts of the dull garden, had escaped the eye of Giacomo, when he had gone forth to answer the bell; and she, unconscious of the fears of which she was the object, had felt something of youthful curiosity at the summons at the gate, and the sight of a stranger in close and friendly conference with the unsocial Giacomo.

As Harley now neared her, with that singular grace of movement which belonged to him, a thrill shot through her heart—she knew not why. She did not recognize his likeness to the sketch taken by her father from his recollections of Harley's early youth. She did not guess who he was; and yet she felt herself color, and, naturally fearless though she was, turned away with a vague alarm.

"Pardon my want of ceremony, signorina," said Harley, in Italian; "but I am so old a friend of your father's, that I cannot feel as a stranger to yourself."

Then Violante lifted to him her dark eyes, so intelligent and so innocent—eyes full of surprise, but not displeased surprise. And Harley himself stood amazed, and almost abashed, by the rich and marvellous beauty that beamed upon him. "My father's friend," she said hesitatingly, "and I never to have seen you!"

"Ah, signorina," said Harley, (and something of its native humor, half arch, half sad, played round his lip,) "you are mistaken there; you have seen me before, and you received me much more kindly then—"

"Signor!" said Violante, more and more surprised, and with a yet richer color on her cheeks.

Harley, who had now recovered from the first effect of her beauty, and who regarded her as men of his years and character are apt to regard ladies in their teens, as more child than woman, suffered

himself to be amused by her perplexity; for it was in his nature, that the graver and more mournful he felt at heart, the more he sought to give play and whim to his spirits.

"Indeed, signorina," said he demurely, "you insisted then on placing one of those fair hands in mine; the other (forgive me the fidelity of my recollections) was affectionately thrown around my neck."

"Signor!" again exclaimed Violante; but this time there was anger in her voice as well as surprise, and nothing could be more charming than her look of pride and resentment.

Harley smiled, again, but with so much kindly sweetness, that the anger vanished at once, or rather Violante felt angry with herself that she was no longer angry with him. But she had looked so beautiful in her anger, that Harley wished, perhaps, to see her angry again. So, composing his lips from their propitiatory smile, he resumed, gravely—

"Your flatterers will tell you, signorina, that you are much improved since then, but I liked you better as you were; but not what I hope to return some day what you then so generously pressed upon me."

"Pressed upon you!—I? Signor, you are under some strange mistake."

"Alas! no; but the female heart is so capricious and fickle! You pressed it upon me, I assure you. I own that I was not loath to accept it."

"Pressed it! Pressed what?"

"Your kiss, my child," said Harley; and then added, with a serious tenderness, "And I again say that I hope to return it some day when I see you, by the side of father and of husband, in your native land—the fairest bride on whom the skies

of Italy ever smiled! And now, pardon a hermit and a soldier for his rude jests, and give your hand, in token of that pardon, to—Harley L'Estrange."

Violante, who at the first words of this address had recoiled, with a vague belief that the stranger was out of his mind, sprang forward as it closed, and, in all the vivid enthusiasm of her nature, pressed the hand held out to her with both her own. "Harley L'Estrange—the preserver of my father's life!" she cried; and her eyes were fixed on his with such evident gratitude and reverence, that Harley felt at once confused and delighted. She did not think at that instant of the hero of her dreams—she thought but of him who had saved her father. But, as his eyes sank before her own, and his head, uncovered, bowed over the hand he held, she recognized the likeness to the features on which she had so often gazed. The first bloom of youth was gone, but enough of youth still remained to soften the lapse of years, and to leave to manhood the attractions which charm the eye. Instinctively she withdrew her hands from his clasp, and, in her turn, looked down.

In this pause of embarrassment to both, Riccobocca let himself into the garden by his own latch-key, and, startled to see a man by the side of Violante, sprang forward with an abrupt and angry cry. Harley heard, and turned.

As if restored to courage and self-possession by the sense of her father's presence, Violante again took the hand of the visitor. "Father," she said simply, "it is he—he is come at last." And then, retiring a few steps, she contemplated them both; and her face was radiant with happiness—as if something, long silently missed and looked for, was as silently found, and life had no more a want, nor the heart a void.

From the *Athenaeum*.

SHOE-BLACKS.

ONE of the features of ancient London revived for the Great Exhibition was, the company of shoe-blacks. The revival was an experiment connected with one of the great questions of our day—the disposal of the abandoned children of wretchedness and crime who infest our streets. The poor boys were of various sorts. Many were orphans—some were sailor-boys—not a few had been starving in the streets for years—almost all were homeless, ragged, ignorant, dirty little wretches, for whom no one seemed to care. They were, in truth, exact samples of that large class of young castaways from which the criminal population is continually recruited in strength, and for which the ragged school was especially designed. To deal with the case of these youngsters has ever been a serious difficulty. The usual doors of labor appear closed against them. If the humane set them to chop wood or break stones, it was objected to as an infringement of the rights of free labor. Happily, the shoe-black was a defunct personage in London streets, and, with the exception of a colony of French boys, who established themselves in the park, but were removed by the police for bad conduct, no one could complain of the new aspirants for public favor trenching on ground already occupied. At first the boys had much to contend against. They were new to the work, and felt awkward in their fine clothes. Idle boys mocked at them, pulled their aprons, and put dirt into their pots. Portly gentlemen posed them with strange questions. Elderly ladies told them they would all come to be lord mayors. Coster-

mongers called them young cardinals and red republicans, in allusion to their red jackets. Foreigners offered them curious coins for change. Old soldiers with only one leg insisted on paying half-price—and sometimes shabby people would say, off-hand, that they would pay next time. Still, the boys stood their ground, and held manful possession of the points which they had seized at first. A few of them, it is true, fell into temptation, like other mortals, owing to success. Kossuth's visit to Guildhall was a sort of Capua to some. That day people trod unanimously on each others' toes, and the industrial little colony earned a large sum of money. A few of the urchins could not bear up calmly against this flood-tide of prosperity; they feasted on magnificent pies; they steamed to Greenwich and gorged themselves with white bait; they made themselves ill with cheap cigars; they shook themselves with rides on Hampstead donkeys. But these offenders were exceptions to the rule, and they were discharged for bad conduct. Nearly all the boys saved money which was kept for them in a little bank established by the committee. One had 7*l.* put by—several had 5*l.* each. Many a widowed mother was supported by her son's blacking-brush. Seven of the lads spent their savings on an outfit for Australia, and are now in that colony; fourteen others obtained situations in families. One has bound himself apprentice to the Watermen's Company; another relieved his parents from a distress for rent; and a father was enabled by the same means to come up to London and see the boy from whom he had been separated for years!—Such is the result of this little experiment, as told by one of the committee. Who will not wish the further trial good speed?

From the Morning Chronicle, 27 Jan.

FRANCE.

We should be puzzled to name an historical personage who, without losing actual power or position, ever fell so rapidly in the esteem of his contemporaries as Louis Napoleon. He may have had credit for qualities which he did not possess, as he certainly had for motives and aspirations which we now know to have been alien from his character; but in England, on the 1st December last, it was a very general impression that the French people could not do better than give him a fresh lease of his presidential authority. The English press, far from being prejudiced against his pretensions or eager to run him down, was, on the whole, decidedly favorable to him, and, with rare exceptions, struggled, on the first announcement of his *coup d'état*, to palliate what they could not deny to be a crime. Their altered tone is entirely owing to the irresistible influence of admitted facts, and to the overwhelming logic of truth, justice, humanity, and morality. If they could have continued to extend indulgence to his aims and objects, it was hardly possible to help being revolted by his means and instruments. His confidential advisers and chief ministers are now the very set of whom one of the most eminent and most respected of French statesmen said openly, two years since, that "he would not touch them with a pair of tongs"—a censure which we then deprecated as harsh. Recent events have established its full justice. The measures which such men alone will execute—the will which they alone will carry out—must be destructive, repulsive, and arbitrary with a vengeance; whilst the cause which avowedly stands in need of pretended conspiracies, false charges, stolen names, and the other multiplied resources of mendacity, is already self-condemned.

We did hope that the inconceivable servility with which a limited section of the Parisian press has placed itself at the disposal of the new and, we trust, short-lived despotism, would not have found a single imitator in this country. We did expect that the dirty linen of the Elysée would have been washed at home by the *Patrie* or the *Constitutionnel*. But we have been disappointed; and the task, of which it seems even Dr. Véron is ashamed, has been unscrupulously undertaken by the accredited organ of Lord Palmerston. The Paris correspondent of his favorite journal deliberately assures its readers, that the decrees against the house of Orleans have occasioned no excitement, beyond a painful impression of the most ephemeral kind, which, he adds, was immediately dispelled by the consideration that it was "legal justice, and no arbitrary sequestration, that has been enforced." No excitement! And this, let it never again be forgotten, is the authority on which we are imperatively required to rely for the amicable and peaceable intentions of the president. The sensation, we need hardly repeat, created by these decrees, is intense, widespread, and deep-seated. It has annihilated every symptom of nascent confidence. It has silenced every one of Louis Napoleon's advocates or admirers who retains a particle of self-respect or independence. It has put to shame those sponsors for his patriotism, who have persevered in pledging themselves that each fresh outrage on the dearest rights of civilization would be the last. The cup, by common confession, has been full and running over since these crowning measures of confiscation—measures which we shall take the liberty to call

"arbitrary," and which we cannot consent to accept as "legal justice," whatever that may be, because they are in no sense *legal* and in every sense are the exact opposite of *just*. They are, in truth, so glaring an infringement of both law and equity, form and substance, honesty and expediency, universal principle and individual right, that we cannot consent to dismiss the subject without earnestly requesting attention to their leading features, as indicative of the state of mind which led to their promulgation, and of the system to which they must be regarded as the prelude.

Their labored and clumsily argumentative style shows that the president was conscious of the weakness of his case, which, bad as it was, he has contrived to make worse. His references to the faintly analogous acts of former rulers, monarchs, dynasties and legislatures, necessarily recall the broad lines of demarcation which distinguish him from all and each of these, whether they were respectively right or wrong in the precedents which he assumes them to have established. *He* is not the legislature. *He* does not represent the sovereignty of the French people. *He* is neither more nor less than the president of a republic, named for ten years, and invested with special and limited powers. What might have been abuse of recognized authority in others, is simply an unreasoning application of the maxim, "Might makes Right," in *him*. His proceedings are a virtual nullification of the code. They are tantamount to a proclamation that property as well as personal freedom and the bare privilege of breathing the air of France, are held by no better tenure than his sovereign will and pleasure. When, too, we examine his alleged precedents, they tell against him. The one which he employs to raise a prejudicium against the descendants of Louis Philippe, proves the ineffable superiority of that monarch, with all his faults, to the usurper who calumniates him in his grave. The law of April 10th, 1832, passed by the French Chambers against the legitimate branch of the Bourbons, was never enforced; and that branch has been ever since in the enjoyment of large revenues from their French estates. The provision made for Napoleon and his family in 1814 was munificent, although none of them had the semblance of a title comparable to that which has just been recklessly set aside; for if the acquiescence of the French nation, under two distinct forms of government, during twenty-two years, be not sufficient to legalize a far more doubtful transaction than the transfer of August 6th, 1830, what title can henceforth be deemed good? What regular hereditary claim has a Bonaparte to any estate whatever, except perhaps to some dilapidated farmhouse in Corsica?

But the most suggestive, if not the most startling, part of the affair is the proposed application of the plunder. The greater part of it is to be distributed as a charitable dole, or as a bribe to the army, in the shape of an increase of salary to the members of the legion of honor, whose insignia should duly commemorate the fact. This is what the president—cumulating the legislative, executive, and judicial functions of the state in his single person—calls "restoring" what has been improperly abstracted from the "domain of the state;" the rest of which may, by a parity of reason, be forthwith applied to the same purposes. Who, then, can any longer doubt the communist tastes and tendencies of this sworn, preordained, and predestined foe of communism? Were the editors of the *Bulletin Français* over hasty in designating him as "*l'esclave des idées fixes et des règles violentes d'un certain*

socialisme de caserne, couré dans un prison—the slave of the fixed ideas and violent rules of a certain socialism of the barrack, brooded over in a prison.” We now see the fruits of his conferences with Louis Blanc at Ham, and the commencement of that *Extinction du pauperisme* to which he pledged himself in the pamphlet so entitled in 1848. The régime of “the sabre and the vote” begins to look awkward for the proprietary class; for votes must be paid for, and sabres must be hired.

To exempt the poor from taxation in a country which boasts six millions of landowners, would be a financial exploit worthy of Sir Charles Wood or of Mr. Disraeli, whom we regard as amongst the most original of living performers in that line. The only feasible method of mulcting the wealthy amongst our French neighbors will be the direct one of confiscation. A few rich Orleanists, accused of a non-existent plot, may be the next victims. The turn of the legitimists will soon come; and ample grounds for selling up the Count of Chambord are laid in the clause of the first decree, which recites the alleged practice of all governments to proceed in like fashion against “the family that had ceased to reign.” The legitimists have long been famous for learning and unlearning nothing. Their creed has gradually degenerated from an elevated principle into a sentimental abstraction; and caprice or pique is the usual mainspring of their movements. Still, we were not a little astonished to hear that they could be guilty of the discreditable folly of paying court to the Elysée—as if it were not clear to the whole world that, should Louis Napoleon succeed in establishing a dynasty, their prospects would be lamentably overclouded, and that when he falls, his supporters will fall with him, and possibly find the responsibility of his worst acts thrown upon them. It would seem, however, that they have at length been roused to a juster estimate of their duties and position by this new act of unbridled despotism; and most of the names on which Louis Napoleon calculated to give a false air of respectability to his councils, have been withdrawn. But let no one fancy that any efficient restraint has been thereby imposed upon his projects, or that he can or will depart a hair's-breadth from his prearranged course on that account. He has gone too far to recede now. He has insulted all that is most distinguished—he has desecrated all that is most venerable—in France. He has shocked the moral sense of mankind. He has defied the public opinion of every civilized community. He has laid the axe to the root of property, and he has undermined society under the pretence of restoring and protecting it. He must sink lower and lower in the selection of expedients and in the choice of tools. When his domestic resources for debauching the soldiery and demoralizing the masses are exhausted, he will, we fear, but too surely look abroad; and it will be well for humanity if, at the end of a troubled vista of confiscations, deportations, incarcerations, fusillades, and dragonades, war should not arise to perplex the earth.

From the Morning Chronicle, 30th Jan.

It would be gross injustice to infer, from the silence which the means at his disposal enable Louis Napoleon to enforce, that the emotions awakened by the recent communistic decrees have been less violent or overpowering in France than in England. We believe, on the contrary, that the consciousness of being enveloped by a mephitic atmosphere of fear, suspicion, and hate, has grown

rapidly on their author since their publication, and that the assiduous counsels of M. De Persigny can scarcely prevent his lapsing out of the proper mood for sustaining the confiscation. Yet retreat appears utterly impossible. The person who invented or advised the conversion of the Orleans' possessions into donatives and bounties, seems to have imagined it with the express intention of shutting the door against repentance; for, difficult as he knew it would be to turn aside the will which had determined this spoilation, he was aware that it would be infinitely more difficult to make good the promised largesses out of the exhausted finances of France. Until taxes and port-dues become as elastic as political principles, Louis Napoleon must abide by his pledge to make a scramble of the largest property in France among soldiers and decayed widows. But, we repeat, we have reason to think him fully sensible already that the most extravagant luxury with which he ever indulged himself—which is saying a good deal—was this act of profligate revenge.

Of the two most prominent resignations which followed the decree of proscription, one alone has probably been felt by Louis Napoleon. The cowardice of M. Dupin—so dastardly in its last exhibition as to have bred a general suspicion of pre-meditated foul play—has sunk his character too low for any act of his, though it might be honorable in another, to possess a shadow of moral force or the semblance of dignity. If he retires at length from his long retained attorney-generalship, men are forced to attribute the tardy sacrifice to a calculation of material advantages, and to a conclusion that, on the whole, he would be a greater loser by preserving office under the circumstances, than by resigning it. We may remark, however, that M. Dupin's letter discloses the untenability of the only ground upon which—though it was explicitly repudiated in their preamble—the decrees might be decently palliated. It appears that the wealth of the Orleans princes was *not* such as to constitute either a public danger to the state, or a personal peril to Louis Napoleon. M. Dupin asserts that the statements in the *Moniteur* exaggerate the value of the estates by one half. We ourselves believe that the overestimate was still grosser than this, and that, when the property is sold as directed, the proceeds will neither satisfy a fifth of the claims which Louis Napoleon has created upon them, nor leave more than an insignificant fraction of the “one hundred millions upon which the Orleans family may maintain their dignity abroad.” The other letter of resignation, to which we have alluded, makes a revelation even more striking than M. Dupin's. M. de Montalembert informs us that the so-called “Consultative” Commission has never once been consulted on any measure of the government, so that the members of it have been simply lending their names to be a blind for the cruelties and caprices of the president. To have been involved, by his adherence to the new government, in this immense humiliation is a heavy punishment for M. de Montalembert, and one, we are sorry to say, which he has amply deserved, not indeed for any base compliance founded on expectations of personal benefit, but for having suffered his party allegiance to drag him for two months through that mire of slavish submission whose depth and filthiness he discloses to us for the first time. As his motives have been higher than M. Dupin's, so has he the advantage over that gentleman of dealing a bitter wound to the president by his retirement.

It is not indeed to be supposed that Louis Napoleon, with his fixed ideas and overweening self-confidence, cares greatly for losing the only first-class statesman who had stood by his side; but then the only party which he had openly and avowedly courted was the Roman Catholic party, and it must be mortifying to learn, from the withdrawal of its representative, that he has thrown away his pains, his flattery, and the Panthéon.

The manifestations which succeeded the predatory ordinances were certainly designed by the president to show the lengths he could go without repelling the adherents he had secured. Yet the grand ball at the Tuilleries, the catalogue of senators, and the list of Councillors of State, although furnishing deplorable evidence of the low public morality obtaining among respectable Frenchmen, had each suffered unmistakably from the savage measure which heralded them. The ball was crowded, but two thirds of the company were taken from the fourth or fifth-rate strata of the English and American colonies in Paris; and every one familiar with the society of the French capital must be aware that compulsory condescension would find it difficult to dip deeper. It is satisfactory to reflect that, although our countrymen rushed to the Tuilleries—just as they would have rushed, if they could have got there, to one of Robespierre's philanthropic breakfasts—they nevertheless carried their sentiments to the supper table, discussed the question of national defences in the quadrille-room, and bandied impartial criticisms on the policy of their host, while they looked him full in the face and scrutinized his uniform. The expedients which had been visibly adopted to recruit the senate were not so novel as those which replenished the hall, for they had been resorted to before by the Lord Protector of England, who certainly bestowed little thought on dancing. It is well known that, on the original list of Oliver's lords, half the names belonged to the ancient aristocracy of England: but the number was so reduced by a succession of refusals and protests, that the protector had eventually to confine his writs to six noblemen—who never took their seats—and to make up the residue of his peerage from colonels and major-generals. We are assured that exactly the same reduction has been effected in the contingent of French nobles, who were originally on the roll of the senate; and more and more military men have been gradually thrown in, till the august Assembly nearly realizes the menace of the English minister, who threatened to obtain a majority in the House of Lords by conferring peerages on a whole troop of guards. The composition of the Council of State is, on the whole, more respectable, and, for that very reason, more disheartening. There is one name among the councillors which thousands of Englishmen have read with sorrow or compassion. Few men were so bound as M. Michel Chevalier to keep themselves carefully clear from this deep dishonor; but his defection is not a solitary example, proving that the exclusive contemplation of the material agencies in the mechanism of society has a decided tendency to weaken the moral susceptibilities. The colleagues of M. Chevalier are merely second-rate, plodding functionaries—a class which, we fear, will never be brought to postpone the rewards of services to the duties of citizenship.

In our earliest remarks on the violence done to the Princes of Orleans, we expressed our conviction that it partook as much of the blunder as of the crime. We described it as so contrived that all

who were not alienated by the commencement would be offended by the conclusion—that all who did not reprehend the confiscation would be frightened by the donative. The proofs of our foresight are coming in crowds. Moneyed men are trembling; and, in order to keep up the nominal price of stock, the government is openly taxed with practising on the bulletins by means of the Syndics of the Bourse. The legitimists have scornfully refused the approval which was asked of them; and, by so doing, have afforded another cheering proof that no policy is so sure to miscarry as that which calculates exclusively upon the bad motives of any man, or of any set of men. The Roman Catholic party have been convinced at last that the morality which they pretend to teach, and the purity of which they assume to be the depositaries, are sorely jeopardized by their contact with the antitype of Naboth's spoiler. Even the very class which, so far as we could see, was alone entitled to find the expression of its favorite policy in the decrees, retains its sense of injury and its sentiments of repulsion; for we learn that the more sincere socialists, the members of the *Associations Ouvrières*, are meditating a general emigration from France to North America. In no one of his characters—whether he call himself despot, friend of order, restorer of commerce, venerator of Louis XVI., ultramontane Catholic, or socialist—has Louis Napoleon attached a single hearty supporter who has not sold his body to the drum or his soul to a public stipend.

From the Morning Chronicle, 30th Jan.

The progressive developments of that lawless despotism which was inaugurated by the military dispersion of a Legislative Assembly, the incarceration of statesmen and generals, and the wholesale deportation of political opponents—and which has found its latest expression in an unblushing act of confiscation and plunder—present nothing to abate that watchful solicitude with which the people of this country await the ulterior policy of the usurper. We are far from being insensible to the weight of those considerations which may be urged against the probability of Louis Napoleon's attempting to purchase a temporary immunity for his crimes against France by the perilous expedient of a war with England—a war which would undo in a week all that thirty-six years of peace have accomplished towards the establishment of confidence and good-will between the two countries. But it were folly to affect a sense of security which, in the immediate vicinity of the most powerful and the least scrupulous of military tyrants, it is impossible to feel; and we have, therefore, discussed pretty freely the best methods of resisting an invasion, and have attempted to point out the most efficacious means of organizing our defences on an emergency. No one acquainted with the state of public feeling can doubt that there exists throughout the country a vague, but deep-rooted feeling of alarm and uneasiness. The chances of an invasion, and the best means of repelling it, everywhere form the subject of conversation and discussion in private society; and the press, with scarcely an exception, has represented the popular sentiment, and endeavored to guide it to practical result. In a word, that vague presentiment of coming peril which is so often the precursor of important events is everywhere prevalent.

Let us see upon what grounds these feelings rest. It is always best to look danger in the face,

and we shall not therefore be wrong in attempting to take the measure of that which now threatens us. There can be no doubt that war is the one thing which would absorb all the passions and energies which are most likely to disturb the tranquillity of Louis Napoleon. War is, in its very nature, a perpetual *coup d'état*. It authorizes a variety of measures which, in time of peace, would revolt the most unscrupulous, and terrify the most audacious. Could anything, short of the excitement of a war, have rendered tolerable, even for a time, the bloody excesses of the first revolution, or the relentless policy of the elder Bonaparte? Is it conceivable that, in a period of peace, any civilized nation could have submitted to the murder of the Due d'Enghien—to that long suppression of even the shadow of liberty which characterized the Empire—or to the secret police of Fouché and Savary? What active intellects and hot passions demand is not liberty—it is strong excitement, and stirring employment. There is nothing on this earth so careless of principle as a certain sort of talent. That reckless scepticism which has learnt to distrust the very existence of virtue, and to believe in nothing but its own intense craving for action and enjoyment, looks upon war as a great stage, upon which ready and unscrupulous talent, unencumbered by any embarrassing sympathies with human suffering, is sure of finding ample scope and reward. No time or country has been more prolific of such characters than France in the present day. We must not suppose that the mad follies both of the elder and of the younger republic have failed to produce their natural effects. It is impossible but that *fêtes* to the Supreme Being, the worship of the Goddess of Reason, and the more recent absurdities of Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin, have disgusted the minds of all cultivated and reflecting Frenchmen. What view could a man of education and common sense take of a state of things in which tiger-like ferocity alternated with that maudlin sentimentality which marks a certain stage of intoxication? Would he not share in the detestation which the Emperor Napoleon used to express for ideologists, and be only too willing to find in war a mode of teaching the drunken fanatics by whom he was surrounded the force of a cool head and a determined will? Such are the feelings which at this day actuate that large class of educated and unscrupulous men who form so important an element in French society. We must not suppose that the Bonapartist enthusiasm of the peasantry is the chief source of danger to this country. What we have most to fear is the influence of men of talent, backed by the passions of the populace; and all that we have to hope—apart from our own determination to be prepared for any and every contingency—is that the president and his ministers may not feel themselves sufficiently secure at home to venture upon any important enterprises abroad.

The tone of the French press, with reference to the subject which so profoundly agitates public opinion in England, is far from satisfactory. The *Constitutionnel* labors to prove the absurdity of our apprehensions, and rumors are industriously circulated that it is in contemplation to reduce the French army. But when the Parisian newspapers are pacific, it is not without a cause. Let our readers carry back their recollections to the summer of 1844, when the Prichard and Tahiti quarrel was at its height. In those days the press was free; and at the very faintest whisper of the pos-

sibility of war with England, every newspaper in France overflowed with bitter, defiant, and frantic denunciations of *La perfide Albion*, and with the fiercest imprecations of vengeance on the country which had inflicted such wounds on French pride. Why are our contemporaries so silent now? Certainly not without a reason—and that reason can scarcely be good-will to England. In 1844, the press was violent in order to bring about a war—is it not possible that in 1852 it may be quiet in anticipation of one? We may be very sure that, at this moment, the press of Paris takes its tone from its master, and we know how he disseminated; and hid his purpose until the time was come to strike the blow against the Assembly. Why should we believe that he is going to reduce his army, when, but a year ago, he offered to send the guard of the Elysée to the defence of the Palais Bourbon, if such a measure should be thought necessary for its security? Why should we believe in his professions of good-will towards England, when we recollect that he swore fidelity to the constitution? When a man has acted as Louis Napoleon has done, there is but one possible security against him, namely, the possession and the display of a sufficient armed force to command his respect for the only power which he is capable of respecting. We rejoice that our countrymen have so promptly appreciated a danger which, if not imminent and urgent, is at all events *real*; and we view with especial satisfaction the rapid spread of those rifle-clubs which—especially in a country where the use of fire-arms is, with a large class of the people, both a habit and a sport—constitute one of the most efficient modes of volunteer military organization.

At the same time, however, that we fully recognize the danger of our situation, we are convinced that such an enterprise as a war with England would be a most perilous one to Louis Napoleon. We have pointed out on former occasions what would be his chances of success in an attempt at an invasion—let us now see what would be his chances of failure. Of course, if we do our duty to our country, his army might fall in with an English fleet—and that fleet might be adequately manned, and skilfully commanded. A fleet of transports offers a broad mark; and a deck crowded with troops might well become the scene of a butchery so frightful that, even in the most righteous of causes, it could hardly be regarded without horror. What would the people of Paris say when they heard that ten-inch shells and thirty-two-pound rockets had burnt or sunk a vast fleet of ships crowded with the flower of the French army, and bound on an errand which nothing could justify, even in French eyes, but the most unqualified success? Or, supposing a landing to be effected, what would be the condition of an army cut off from all resources and reinforcements and ultimately overwhelmed by the mere force of numbers—would this be an incident calculated to increase Louis Napoleon's popularity? Let us, however, suppose him to gain at the outset all the successes which, in his most sanguine mood, he could expect. Can any one imagine that a great nation like England would not present a most formidable resistance to an invading foe? Can the president have forgotten that, though his uncle marched in triumph into Moscow, Vienna, and Berlin, the Russians, the Austrians, and the Prussians met at last in Paris? We are but ill prepared, it is true; but it is one thing to take a country off its guard, and it is another to effect its conquest. He might perhaps relieve

himself from some momentary embarrassment by an unexpected and successful attack upon this country, but it would be at the price of fearful difficulties, which would overwhelm him at no distant time.

But there is another element in the schemes which rumor attributes to the president. Russia, we are rather loosely told, is to lend its assistance towards the destruction of the last power which forms the one exception to the dreary uniformity of continental despotism. We dare not assume that the audacity of the French president would quail even before so monstrous a project as this; but if he means to make war, not only upon England, but also upon liberty, he must prepare for such a struggle as the world has never yet seen. It is true that England is almost the only European exception to the general supremacy of Absolutism; but there has grown up a mighty nation, speaking our language, living under our laws, and reading our literature, which would hardly look on with indifference at a crusade against freedom as such. England and America, united in the bands of a common interest and a common sympathy, would have little to fear from France and Russia; and we trust that the ties which unite the two great Anglo-Saxon nations are fully as strong as those which unite the President of France—not the French people—to the Czar. Should France forsake her natural policy and her natural alliances—should she consent to become the tool and the slave of despotism—she would find that she was leaning on a broken reed. We have no wish to interfere with foreign countries, but it has never been our habit either to disavow our principles, or to shrink from the consequences of avowing them. England is the advocate of rational and constitutional freedom—she is the enemy of despotism and brute force; and if the Continental Absolutists choose to institute a propaganda of tyranny, they may perhaps find out, when it is too late, that their own power does not rest on the most stable foundations. We at least do not forget that there are such countries as Hungary and Poland, and if Russia were to go to war with England, she might have occasion to remember a fact which would certainly not be without its influence on the result of the struggle.

From the correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, Paris, Feb. 8.

After Louis Napoleon's disclaimer to his English guests of any intention on his part to make war on England, and Lord John Russell's assurances to the British Parliament that the intentions of the president were most pacific, it may appear ungracious to harp any longer on so unpalatable a subject as that of an impending war. And yet how can one conscientiously do otherwise? It is not in England alone that "the invasion fever" rages. Here it also prevails, and although it assumes a different shape, the disease is the same. There is not a Frenchman of any intelligence who will not tell you that war, sooner or later, is inevitable. It will be forced upon Louis Napoleon whether he will or not. It is the strong card which he reserves for a final effort when he finds that the other and less desperate means of consolidating his power have failed him. His internal embarrassments, which are becoming every day more and more pressing—the discontent of the insatiable claimants on his bounty and gratitude—the deficiency in his treasury, which is becoming every day more apparent—the decrease in the pro-

duce of the taxes, and the enormous increase in the expenditure—are all matters which will force Louis Napoleon to some desperate remedy. It may appear strange that war, which is an expensive amusement to most governments, should be considered a sure means in this country of relieving the public treasury; but so it is. Among the many traditions of the empire which Louis Napoleon is taking such pains to resuscitate, he is not likely to forget that convenient one which laid it down as an imperial axiom that a foreign war ought to support itself, and that a French army should always be fed by the country which was honored with its presence. So prevalent is this opinion in Elysean circles, that war is confidently looked to as one of the surest means of relieving the exchequer.

Independently of the language used by those who are supposed to be in the confidence of Louis Napoleon, and to whom he probably speaks with more candor than to my Lords Hertford or Ernest Bruce, or even to the fair ladies, for whom he threw open the dining-room of the Elysée, there are many symptoms of the fact that it is not on an *entente cordiale* with England that he rests his present policy, or his hopes of future power. It is notorious that the fall of Lord Palmerston was felt at the Elysée as the severest blow that Louis Napoleon had received. The president himself acknowledged it, for he declared, in the heat of his disappointment, that he had lost the best support he had in the cabinets of Europe. Was this declaration in consequence of his admiration of Lord Palmerston, and his confidence in his policy? No; it was the result of his conviction that as long as Lord Palmerston was at the head of the Foreign-office in Downing-street, it was impossible for England to form anything like a cordial alliance with the northern powers. The continuance of the noble lord in power would have left Louis Napoleon the arbiter of the fate of Europe, for it would have left England dependent on the friendship of France alone, while it would have allowed the French president to coquet between the two parties, and to carry out his own views, according as might suit his purpose, either by continuing his alliance with England against the northern powers, or by uniting with the northern powers, and leaving England isolated.

I believe that it would be an error to suppose that the alliance with England, even when Lord Palmerston was in office, was cordial or sincere. At the very same time that the French government was professing all that pacific disposition which made so deep an impression on Lord John Russell, the diplomatic agents of France were endeavoring to negotiate a treaty with Austria, which, if successful, would have upset some of the most important provisions of the treaties of Vienna, and (if the accounts which reach me are correct) would have sacrificed the kingdom of Belgium to France, in exchange for Switzerland, which would have been sacrificed to Austria. The fall of Lord Palmerston put a sudden stop to all such projects. Austria soon showed that her quarrels were not with England, but with England's minister. She immediately showed a disposition to renew her ancient relations of friendship with Great Britain, and Louis Napoleon was consequently paralyzed. "Hinc illae lachryme." There may be persons who think that as long as France was under a constitutional government, the alliance of England and France, whatever might be the feelings of other countries, was of itself a guarantee for the peace of the world;

but the affair is very different now that France is under a military government, and that the question of peace or war rests on the caprice of one man. If it be true that Lord Palmerston's presence at the head of the department of foreign affairs rendered an alliance with the other great powers of Europe impossible, his removal should be a matter of rejoicing to the advocates of peace; and its importance will not be the less appreciated because it has given annoyance to the president of the French republic. If peace is to be preserved at all, it is not either by shutting our eyes to the danger of war, or by flattering the president of the republic by attributing a pacific disposition to him, which he himself does not dare to avow to the people of France. Our best chance of peace is by forming a close and sincere alliance with the other powers of Europe, and by preparing for our defence, should we be threatened. Of this the people of England may be certain, that, come war when it may, the first campaign will be against the shores of England.

I have already mentioned that the fall of Lord Palmerston at first completely paralyzed the efforts of the French government with respect to Austria. It is not improbable that the event has had the effect of saving Belgium—at least for a time; but whether it will have the same effect with respect to Switzerland, remains to be seen. The *Breslau Journal* says that a treaty has actually been concluded between Austria and France for the occupation of Switzerland, in certain circumstances. I believe that this announcement is premature, but that an attempt has been made by the French government to renew the negotiations which were so suddenly broken off after the unexpected fall of Lord Palmerston. In the mean time, the *Constitutionnel* and the *Patrie* are preparing the way for intervention, by daily abusing the Swiss people and government, and thereby preparing an excuse for intervention.

From the *Times*, 29th January.

We very much doubt whether the question of peace or war was ever propounded in such a form as it is now taking in this country. Many sovereigns, many cabinets, many nations, and our own among others, have debated with eagerness and sagacity this momentous point; but none, to the best of our recollection, under such circumstances as characterize the present discussion. We are not arguing the propriety of going to war, for there is no man in the kingdom who asserts it. We are not considering any terms or conditions on which peace must depend, for none such have been proposed. We are simply deciding in our own minds whether a state with which we have long preserved and still maintain the most friendly relations, and whose material interests are inextricably connected with our own, will suddenly make a hostile descent upon us, or whether the probability of such an occurrence is great enough to call for defensive preparations beyond those already existing. Such is the case before us, and it is, surely, no inconsiderable homage to the doctrines of peace that this should be the utmost latitude permitted to a question of war. Let us examine the matter without fear or favor. Everybody must recognize the discredit, not to say the dangers, of needless alarm on one side, or false security on the other. What becomes us is a dispassionate and reasonable conclusion from the evidence at hand.

In the first place, it must be remembered that

this is not the first occasion on which apprehensions have been created. Four years ago there existed in France a royal throne, and this throne was filled by a monarch exceedingly powerful for purposes of foreign war. Around him was grouped a family of sons who symbolized the martial spirit of their nation. One of them even caricatured it. He affected a disdain for life and peace as compared with glory, plunged eagerly into every combat which arose, and sketched with remarkable zest the plan of a naval campaign against perfidious Albion. Subjects of difference were not wanting, in a diplomatic way, between the two cabinets, and though the French king was indeed surrounded with a council of responsible statesmen, having characters to lose and reputations to maintain in the eyes of Europe, we are now positively assured that war was more than once on the point of actually breaking out. Yet there was no war. Louis Philippe descended upon English shores only as a fugitive, and the Prince de Joinville ought to have learnt in the asylum of Claremont to appreciate the sentiments of those whom he would fain have made enemies, but whose genuine sympathies for his family and his countrymen are now brought against them as a reproach.

A few months after, came a deluge. The throne of France was swept away, and in its place arose an apparition charged with every historical augury of blood and war. Once more there was a French republic—a creation which it was impossible to separate from aggressions, convulsions, onslaughts, conflagrations, and every species of political catastrophe. Any person might have been pardoned for assuming that when the Hotel de Ville became the seat of a provisional government—when Paris was again organized into sections, and *Liberté*, *Egalité*, and *Fraternité* were again paraded on its banners, the maintenance of peace would be an absolute impossibility. Yet peace was preserved still; and though it may be said, perhaps, that the republic was too quickly proved no republic at all to leave much room for its natural development, the very cabinet of February, the nominees of the barricades, was unanimous, if we may trust M. de Lamartine's Memoirs, in the repudiation of war. Presently the control of affairs passed into the hands of military statesmen—veritable African generals—soldiers whose rank had been won in savage warfare, and whose hankering for a blow at England was said to be proverbial; but still no sword was drawn. One of them is alleged to have even made a proposition of a descent; but, if he ever did so, it was not entertained, and neither a Cavaignac nor a Changarnier, any more than a D'Amale or a Joinville, experienced the gratification of a war.

Nor need we confine our views to France. The extinction of the Germanic "empire" in the wars of the revolution had removed the old subject of contention from the states of Germany, and the establishment of Prussia on the left bank of the Rhine had substituted France in the place of Austria, as its most natural antagonist. But by the catastrophes of 1848 these conditions were changed; an imperial crown was again set up to competition, and as an immediate consequence the hosts of Austria and Prussia mustered in angry rivalry on the Saxon plains. Yet, though 300,000 armed men stood actually at gaze, and though the echoes of the cannon were anticipated with every morning's sun, there was no war. It is impossible to misinterpret facts like these. Considering that events which half a century ago would infall-

bly have thrown Europe into flames transpired without the actual kindling of a single spark, it is difficult to deny that public opinion must have undergone some material change on the question of war, and, as far as we can be guided by the experience of four extraordinary years, we acknowledge that a "South-Saxon" and his peace associates have the evidence in their favor. But is the present state of France fraught with more peril to its neighbors than ever? Are there elements in its present administration more calculated to create apprehensions than the intrigues of a faithless monarch or the spasmodic caprices of a republic?

We do not think Prince Louis Napoleon is much less to be trusted than his predecessors, except in point of advisers. The compliment we offer is a poor one; but we are bound to admit that in respect of so much self-restraint as would dissuade a war with England we consider the prince president not below the constitutional monarch or the republican generals. Neither do we think that he would derive much more encouragement in any piratical disposition from the temper of Europe at large. Doubtless our foreign policy has offended some of our allies, and alienated others. Doubtless, too, the stroke by which Louis Napoleon discounted the fatal liabilities of 1852 was not otherwise than acceptable to the absolutist powers. But, at the bottom, there still predominates in every European cabinet that inextinguishable distrust of France which time has altogether failed to mitigate; and, of the two, the *souvenirs* of the empire are even more exasperating than the *souvenirs* of the republic. As the destroyer of parliamentary government and the champion of civil bondage, Louis Napoleon may be looked upon with a comparative favor; but if once he put the forces of France in motion for external action we believe he would bring Europe on his back. Conceiving, therefore, that the president himself is not likely to be personally less considerate than those who have preceded him, and that he can scarcely look with more confidence to the sentiments of other powers, in what conditions of his administration are we to search for the elements of our danger?

He reigns as no ruler since Napoleon has reigned before him, and Napoleon reigned for conquest and by conquest only. He is undoubtedly governing by the army, and his imperial largesses almost evince that he intends to govern *for it*. Nobody denies that the interests of the French people are as strongly opposed as ever to a war with England, but there is no longer any security that these interests will prevail.

There is a "people" in France who would protest against war with England, but that is not the "people" now in power. It includes neither the army nor the "masses;" and the masses and the army are the likeliest to break the peace, though the others are the likeliest to pay for it. We must necessarily contemplate M. Bonaparte as a ruler who, whatever his personal disposition, will receive law from an army exulting in strength, inflated by flattery, and inclined, like all good armies, for active service. We fear, too, it might be pointed out to his army that within a hundred miles of their barracks lay a country which, however it might turn upon its assailants in the end, could offer no resistance to the capture of a city, the plunder or ransom of which was computable by millions upon millions. It is at this point that we pause. On the whole, we cannot consider that

the probabilities are in favor of so desperate a hazard on the part of France as an invasion of this country must prove, but the question is at any rate so nearly balanced that we have no desire to increase the attractive considerations by the spectacle of our absolute defencelessness.

From the *Economist*, 24th Jan.

FRENCH DECREES OF BANISHMENT.

The decrees of banishment and transportation of the French socialist and republican politicians, on which we commented last week—followed up as they were by rumors of still further severities in contemplation—have done more to shake the position of the president than any act since his seizure of power. They looked like the commencement of a system of proscription of which no one could foresee the rage or termination. They recalled to memory some of the worse and wickedest acts of the cowardly and imbecile Directory of 1797. They alarmed all the middle ranks of society with the feeling that a man who could go so far, might go *any* lengths. They seemed like blows struck in terror by a feeble and desperate man. They were regarded less as indications of vigor than as signs of fear. Hence they have compromised Louis Napoleon most alarmingly. His chief strength lay in the general conviction of his strength. His main hope of a permanent retention of his power arose from the popularity and nearly universal adhesion caused by a belief that his power was likely to be permanent. By acting in a manner which spreads general mistrust as to whether he ought to, or can, maintain himself against the storm of indignation and disapproval which his sweeping and arbitrary measures have aroused, he is cutting away the ground from under him. As soon as the notion gains ground and takes hold of the public mind, that he is likely to fall, his doom is sealed and his end is near. All those who desire peace, all who love tranquillity, all who hate change—the industrious, the commercial, the timid and the selfish—will find their motives for adhering to him gone. The hundreds of thousands who hailed his advent and voted for his rule, because it seemed to promise them stability and rest, will fall away from him as soon as stability and rest are menaced by his blunders and his violence.

His want of confidence in the strength of his own position is weakening him fast. His fear is his danger. His wisdom would be to govern in such a manner as to alarm no one, to create no mistrust in the minds of any one as to his firm seat upon the throne, to provoke as few as possible to plot or wish his overthrow. Public opinion is powerful everywhere—peculiarly so among so excitable a people as the French. Public opinion cannot be wholly gagged; it will find an expression in spite of suspended journals and a censored press. No man can disregard it. It was public opinion, not the army, which made the 2d of December possible. It was public opinion, not terror, which procured the president his seven millions and a half of votes. It is public opinion, if he do not command and conciliate it, which will undermine his position; and when public opinion has declared against him, when it is felt that he is dangerous and suspected that he is weak, no army can long sustain him. As soon as it is believed that his downfall is at hand, that day his downfall is secure.

It is not too late to retrace his false step, to allay the rising alarm, and conjure the coming storm.

He is fond of appealing to his uncle's history. There is one page of it which he would do well to study and imitate at the present crisis. When Napoleon seized the reins of government and made himself first consul in 1799, his timid colleagues, Sieyès and Roger Duos, alarmed at the formidable attitude assumed by a portion of the revolutionary party, insisted upon issuing a decree for the illegal seizure and *deportation* of thirty-eight members of it, and the imprisonment at La Rochelle of eighteen others. Napoleon was averse to this decree, and thought it needless, but at last yielded. It soon appeared how mischievous a blunder this ill-timed severity had been. The measure was received by the public with general and severe blame, and brought on the new government much deserved unpopularity. A judge and a general officer of high repute were on the list of the proscribed, and the voice of the country unmistakably demanded their erasure. This description of the decree and its reception is not our own; it is taken almost verbatim from the history of M. Thiers. Napoleon saw the error, and in a very few days rescinded the decree; and, by two or three simultaneous acts of sagacious clemency, especially one towards the emigrants, at once proved and consolidated his power.

If Louis Napoleon reads history aright, he will "go and do likewise." His position is a critical one, and he can afford to make no mistakes. France may welcome and support him under the impression that he will be a strong and a steady ruler; but there is nothing from which she shrinks so much or so universally as a new Reign of Terror.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THOUGHT AND FEELING—ANCIENT NOTIONS.

THE ancients entertained notions respecting the seats of thought, passion, and feeling, in various parts of the human system, which now seem to us of the queerest kind. The old philosophers were pretty generally agreed about the seat of the *nous*, or mind, which they represented to be the brain; and this notion has been almost universally adopted since their times, as is sufficiently evident from our every-day expressions—"long-headed fellow," "plenty of brains, or *nous*," *une grande force de tête*, as the French say, applied to intelligent persons; and "numskull," "thick-headed," "addled," "brainless," and so forth, as applied to a fool. But, about the seat of the passions and feelings, there has been the greatest diversity of opinion. These were for the most part planted in the viscera of the chest and belly. Thus Hippocrates and Plato stated that, while the reason was placed in the brain, the passions resided in the heart and the diaphragm; and Galen, while he placed the animal spirits, including the reason, in the brain, placed the vital and natural spirits, including the irascible feelings and the animal passions, in the heart and liver. They spoke of the heart as being *ad vitam*, (for life,) and of the brain as *ad beatam vitam* (for elevated or rational life). This notion of the heart and other viscera being the seat of feeling, has become welded into our ordinary forms of speech; and we speak of a "hearty" or "heartless" person, though it is now ascertained that the heart has no more feeling, as the word is understood, than a piece of leather. And players and others, when they want to express deep emotion, are still in the practice of thumping their chests with their hands,

and appealing to their heart, or, still oftener, by those ignorant of anatomical geography, to their stomach and liver. Some of the old writers seated affection in the liver, and Charles Lamb, in one of his essays, comically imagines the case of our now popular phraseology being thus altered, and a gentleman addressing a lady thus—"Allow me, madam, to make you a tender of my hand—and liver!" How thoroughly ludicrous! The liver was also supposed to be the organ of grief; Jeremiah, representing his affliction, says that his liver is poured out. But this organ was more ordinarily represented as the seat of fear. In this sense Shakespeare often employs it—

Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy.

He speaks of cowards, " who, inward searched, have livers white as milk." Hamlet says—

Am I a coward? it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall,
To make oppression bitter, &c.

In like manner, the spleen was regarded as the seat of envy and malice—hence the word still in use "splenetic," "shows his spleen," &c. The stomach was the seat of desire, and to this day we speak of "not having a stomach" for a thing. The old scriptural writers regarded the lower viscera as the seat of feeling; the phrases—"his bowels yearned with compassion," "his bowels were moved towards him," are very frequent; and Job, on one occasion, speaks of the "belly preparing deceit." The diaphragm also was supposed to play an important part, being the imagined seat of prudence. All this we laugh at now, because we know better; having been enlightened by the knowledge of anatomy—a science comparatively unknown down to a recent period. It is only about two hundred years since Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood; previous to that time, the arteries were supposed to carry *air*, and hence their name. Since then, great advances have been made, especially in the study of the nervous system, by Bell, Hunter, and others. To this day, however, the popular phraseology reflects the ancient notions of the seats of the feelings and passions, though we may not dream of this when we are appealing to "the heart" of man, or talking of the "spleen," or "gall," or "phrensy" of his nature.

From the Athenaeum.

THE official journal of Copenhagen prints a letter, copied—it is said, for the first time—from the secret archives of the state, written by the unhappy Queen of Denmark, Caroline Matilda, sister to our George III. Few incidents in modern story are wrapt in greater mystery than the rise and course of the dark accusation made against the honor of the young queen and mother. The supposed accomplices in her shame suffered an ignominious death; she was driven from court and from her children, under the most terrible of stigmas; her royal relatives espoused her cause with doubt and hesitation; and shedded, probably of a broken heart, before she was twenty-four years old, in exile and disgrace. Yet her guilt was never proved to the satisfaction of the impartial—and history begins to show many signs of a disposition to reverse in her case the verdict of the inferior courts. The letter, which we subjoin, is one of the pleas that the tribunal of history will not refuse to receive in evidence. Thus it runs:—

Sire—In the solemn hour of death I address myself to you, my royal brother, in order to manifest to you my

Feelings of gratitude for the kindness you have shown me during my life, and particularly during my long misfortune. I die willingly, for there is nothing to bind me to this world—neither my youth nor the enjoyments which might sooner or later be my portion. Besides, can life have any charms for a woman who is removed from all those whom she loves and cherishes—her husband, her children, her brothers and sisters? I, who am a queen, and the issue of a royal race, I have led the most wretched life, and I, furnish to the world a fresh example that a crown and a sceptre cannot protect those who wear them from the greatest misfortunes. I declare that I am innocent, and this declaration I write with a trembling hand, bathed with the cold sweat of death. I am innocent. The God whom I invoke, who created me, and who will soon judge me, is a witness of my innocence. I humbly implore Him that He will, after my death, convince the world that I have never merited any of the terrible accusations by which my cowardly enemies have sought to blacken my character, tarnish my reputation, and trample under foot my royal dignity. Sire, believe your dying sister, a queen, and, what is still more, a Christian, who with fear and horror would turn her eyes towards the next world if her last confession were a falsehood. Be assured I die with pleasure, for the wretched regard death as a blessing. But what is more painful to me even than the agonies of death, is that none of the persons whom I love is near my death-bed to give me a last adieu, to console me by a look of compassion, and to close my eyes. Nevertheless, I am not alone. God, the only witness of my innocence, sees me at this moment, when, lying on my solitary couch, I am a prey to the most excruciating agonies. My guardian angel watches over me; he will soon conduct me where I may in quiet pray for my well-beloved, and even for my executioner. Adieu, my royal brother; may Heaven lend you with its blessings, as well as my husband, my children, England, Denmark, and the whole world. I supplicate you to allow my body to be laid in the tomb of my ancestors, and now receive the last adieu of your unfortunate sister,

CAROLINE MATILDA.

Carle, (Hanover,) May 10, 1775.



From the Athenaeum.

A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

Thou, God on high, art Love,
And dost by Love's attraction draw our souls,
Flitting in dusky circuit 'twixt the poles,
Up to their home above!

And though we bear the weight
Of mortal nature, yet the loved and free
We follow with strong pinion back to thee,
And look in at Thy Gate.

* * * * *
Lost one! in sleep we rise
Into thy track, and thy receding light
Pursue, till, pausing at the portal bright,
Thou gazest in our eyes.

“Be comforted,” that mild,
Full heart-glance said—“of human love the link
Stretches o'er death's abyss from brink to brink—
This angel is your child!”

Then, with her brow still bent
On ours, she slowly lessened into bliss,
As if to show she bore our mortal kiss
Into the firmament!

Nor was our gaze forbid
To watch her still; for kneeling angels crowned,
Having kissed her—parted where they zoned her
round,
That she might not be hid.

As after doubtful notes
That Music wakes ere she decides her lay—
On sudden, up some dear, frequented way
Of heavenly sound she floats,

And each awaiting heart
Thrills to remembered joy; so from the grace
And glory mantling those bright hosts did start
Full many a well-known face.

Thy father's father, sweet!
She at whose knees thy mother lisped her prayer—
Bent their swift pinions from the throne to greet
Thy soul and lead thee there.

And some who left the way
Of life while green, were there—to whom 'twas given
To sink on its soft pastures after play,
To sleep—and wake in heaven!

And one not knit by blood—
Save souls have kinship—neared thee; in her eyes
Dwelt love so holy while on earth she stood,
They changed not for the skies.

Close, closer, form divine!
Here was thy life high, gracious, undefiled—
The light that lit the parent-hearts was thine—
Now shine upon the child!

They stoop to us, they pour
Celestial glances down, each glance a ray
That steeps our eyes—the dropped lids fringe them
o'er,
And all dissolves away!

Yet through the dark we hear—
The music of their wings—and well we know
That the child-angel to His sight they bear
Who blessed her like below.

Oh then, our thankful bliss
Burst forth—and the blest souls that people dreams
Fled from the awakening cry. Our world was this—
Our light, earth's common beams.

They slant upon the ground
Where, in its bud, her wind-snapt dahlia lay,
Where still the notes of childhood's chorus sound,
Though one note is away.

Morn breaks its golden surge
Against the walls whence with prestaging eyes
She watched the spire-crowned steep; morn rounds
the verge
Of shadow where she lies.

The night-hushed din of life
Thickens and swells; but from that better sphere
Our sleep unveiled, there flows through all the strife
A voice intact and clear—

“Love's very grief is gain;
Thereby earth holier grows and heaven is nigher;
Souls that their idols may not here detain,
Will follow and aspire.

Potent is sorrow's breath
To quench wrath's fever; and the hungry will
That clutches fame, looks in the face of death—
And the wild mien is still.

No paths of sense may wile
The yearning heart. It asks not if the road
Have bays to crown or odors to beguile,
But—does it lead to God?

Love, purity, repose,
Faith cherished, duty done, and wrong forgiven—
Be these the garland and the staff of those
Who have a child in heaven!”

